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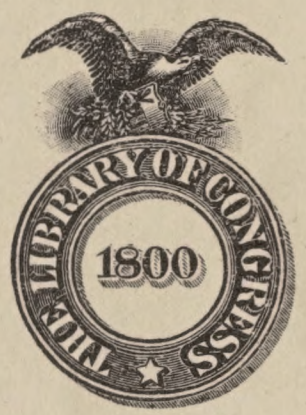
WEE WISDOM'S WAY

by

Myrtle Fillmore



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WEE WISDOM'S WAY

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BY

MYRTLE FILLMORE

With Illustrations by

WILMOT E. HEITLAND

FIFTH EDITION
ENLARGED AND REVISED

UNITY PRESS

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DEDICATION

This little book is lovingly dedicated to my three sons, who, during its development, kept me close to the child-heart, and vitalized, through their personal thought and interest, the characters herein presented.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION

It is with the greatest joy that I introduce to you, dear readers, this new edition of "Wee Wisdom's Way." The story, founded as it is on fact, has meant so much to my family, as well as to many other families of my acquaintance, and, doubtless, to hundreds whom I do not know, that I ask you to take it to your hearts, learn its wonderful message of love and truth, and accept its blessing.

I have read the story twenty times or more, and have made a study of its practical Christianity, and every time I read it, it seems more wonderful to me. No matter how much you may study or grow in experience, the truths of this little book will seem to increase in value more and more. It has the simplicity of greatness.

May the Spirit of Truth bless the message to your use, dear readers, and bless the dear lady who has let the glorious Light of Truth shine through her mind and life to us.

STELLA J. PAULUS.

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WEE WISDOM'S WAY

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CHAPTER I

AUNT JOY

AUNT JOY has come back—dear, sweet Aunt Joy has come back to us. "Us" means Papa, Mamma, Ned, Grace and Trixie—I'm Trixie. Only one year ago she had gone abroad, Papa said, " 'Cause God had seen fit to take Uncle Clyde and Baby Guy off to heaven to live with him." So Aunt Joy, all robed in blackest black, with such a sad, white face, had gone off to find if anything in all this wide, wide world "could take her mind off and cure her," Papa said.

But now Aunt Joy is back again, all well and dressed in soft, pretty colors instead of that nasty black; sweeter and more loving than ever.

She says she is all ours, and just running over with stories. She doesn't say where she's been, but Ned says he knows "God's had her somewhere, for she doesn't seem like folks, and he knows if she wanted to, she could just fly away any time."

I don't know just how that could be, but I do know God comes and does things like she wants him to.

Grace has bad dreams and is afraid of the dark. The other night she cried, and Aunt Joy came in and just took her right up

in her arms without lighting the gas, and asked, "Why are you afraid of the dark?"

Grace said, " 'Cause there's bug'oos in it."

"Can you see them?"

"No; I just fink 'em."

"Do they hurt you?"

"No; but I'se 'fraid they will."

"Are you afraid now?"

"No; 'cause you're here."

"But suppose something 'scary' should really come in now, what would you do?"

"Wouldn't do nuffin', but just keep right in your arms; nuffin' could scare or hurt me 'en."

"Why not?"

" 'Cause I loves you so, and you loves me and would never, never let anyfin' hurt me when you's here."

"Grace, darling, where did you get that love that makes you so brave when my arms are about you?"

"Get it? Why, it just is, isn't it?"

"Then, wasn't it here just the same before I came in?"

"I didn't fink 'bout 'at afore, but course I loves you des 'e same in 'e other room, but some way it seems dif'nt when I know you's right here wiv me, tho' I can't see you."

"Would you love me any better if the light were here, so you could see me?"

"No, I like it 'is way."

"But suppose I lay you down and sit beside you, without touching you, and keep so still you cannot even hear me breathe; how would you love me then?"

"Try it, Aunt Joy; let's see how it feels."

So Aunt Joy sat there in the dark, all still, till Grace called out: "O, Aunt Joy! I know it all now; 'at's God's way. He keeps out of sight, but he's right 'ere all 'e time. I never fought of it afore. Papa and Mamma always says God's always ever'-where, but I couldn't 'stan' it afore. Now you's right 'ere, and I can't see you or feel you or hear you, but—but you're 'ere des 'e same, and I know it. And the bug'oos can't come, 'cause I know it. Why do I know God does 'at way?"

"My sweet child, you are quick to catch my lesson of the dark; now if you will practice it by going to sleep here in God's arms without me, we will talk it all over tomorrow, and then you will understand it better. We have waked up your sister with our midnight lesson. Now, shall I kiss you good-night and leave you? Can you really trust God to stay and keep off the 'bug-aboos'?"

Grace decided that she could, and Aunt Joy went back to her room. I felt so strangely about her leaving God there, and wondered what he'd think if Grace got scared again.

Pretty soon I heard Grace say, "Dear God, when I said my prayers I hope you'll 'scuse me for d'rectin' 'em to heaven, 'cause I didn't know 'en 'at you's sure 'nuff right 'ere, and I could des talk to you and love you same's Aunt Joy. I know, dear God, you never made bug'oos to scare little children; now I know you's ere; 'e dark's all full of pretty finks, and I fank you, God, for feeling so soft and warm," and then Grace was fast asleep.

Next morning after prayers, Grace climbed into Papa's lap and whispered something that made Papa look anxious and say, "Why, my dear baby, what makes you say such strange things?"

"Why, Papa," said Grace in wonder, "didn't you tell me so?"

"No, dear."

"Papa, don't you 'member you said lots of times 'God was ever'where always'?"

"Yes, dear, I said that."

" 'En what makes you fink it's funny 'cause He kept off the bug'oos last night?"

"O, darling! sometimes when God shows too much attention to our loved ones, we fear he is coaxing them away from us."

"Why, Papa, I don't 'stan' you."

"Ask Aunt Joy, then; she can explain to you these things. He coaxed her darling boy, just your age, off to heaven with him."

"Why, Aunt Joy, what for? If He's 'ere all 'e time, what does he take 'em to heaven to have 'em for?"

"He doesn't, dear," said Aunt Joy.

"Where is heaven, anyway?" asked Grace.

"Heaven, sweet one," said Papa, "is where God lives; heaven is God's beautiful home."

"But, Papa, I don't 'stan'; didn't you tell me God was always wiv us? How can he be 'ere and 'are, too?"

"Dear child, God is everywhere—in heaven and on earth."

" 'En what makes folkses talk 'bout going up to God if God's right 'ere?"

"Well, my baby, you see, up in heaven God has his throne; the angels are there, and when people die and go up there, they are never sick or sad any more. So people like to think of going up there to get away from trouble, pain and death."

"But, Papa, 'at doesn't seem nice o' God to be gooder to folkses up 'are than down 'ere."

"Oh, Grace, baby! Little folks can't understand the wise things of God."

"Now, Brother," put in Aunt Joy, "you don't seem to agree with Jesus Christ on that subject. He said, 'I thank thee, O Father, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.' If God is everywhere present, as you teach these children, why may not Grace expect him to do as much for her here as anywhere? If He fills all place and all time, how is it possible for him to be any more present at one place or one time than at another?"

"Why, Sister Joy," said papa, "you take an unusual view of his omnipresence. Have we not daily proof that, although God is ever present, he does not choose to make us satisfied with this life, but afflicts us that we may look to the life beyond and prepare for heaven?"

"Brother," said Aunt Joy, "will you please to recall the location of heaven as given by Jesus? It may give these children a better understanding of its locality."

Papa looked so funny that Aunt Joy went on talking.

"Jesus said, 'The kingdom of God [or heaven] is within you,' and he further stated, 'Except ye become as a little child, ye cannot enter in.' Now, Grace, there is where Jesus Christ told us we could find heaven. As for the 'great white throne,' a king never takes his throne out of his kingdom; so you will find that there, too. If you will look closely you will find that the 'white throne' is your own pure heart, for what other throne would love ask for, and Jesus says, 'God is love.' Yes, dear, the angels are there, too, and are nothing more nor less than sweet, kind thoughts, ever ready to fly about and carry messages for their king."

Papa got up and went off to his office without even kissing us.

Grace sat looking at Aunt Joy like the sun was shining on her face, but I couldn't see how it got through the curtains.

At last Grace said, "Now, I'm happy, Aunt Joy. When Papa said God's so good to folkses in heaven and so bad to us, I felt he's awful mean to stay 'ere all 'e time and hunt 'e bad fings we do, and make us sick and 'fraid he's going to kill us all 'e time. I des couldn't help but fink how much good I'd be to folkses if I's him. Why, I wouldn't do nuffin' all my long, long life but make 'em happy, if I'se him."

"Bless your sweet heart, darling," said Aunt Joy, "that loving thought is one of his angels coming out from the throne now. That's just what God is trying to do all the time—make people happy, but they don't understand him and seek the heaven within. So, dear one, go into your own sweet little heaven and dwell there among the angels and keep them busy with messages of life and joy; then the door of your heart will be closed to naughty, unkind thoughts—black angels, they are—and you will dwell with the angels of love and light always, and work with them; for God is in you, and where God is, heaven is."

Aunt Joy and Grace went up to Mamma's room. Poor Mamma is always sick.

When we were left alone, Ned and I just looked at each other, for we didn't know what to say. At last Ned broke out, "I say, Trixie, what in the world would you give if what Aunt Joy says is true?"

"I felt kind o' strange over that talk," I said, "but if we can get to heaven without dying, I'm in for it."

Ned threw up his cap and whistled and said, "That would be jolly."

Then he got real sober and thought awhile and said: "I say, Trixie, that would be all right for you; but you see I couldn't do it, for I've got to die sometime to get rid of this game leg." Ned is lame.

"Now that is something against this inside heaven, isn't it? I wonder why God mixes things up so for us?"

We thought a long time before Ned said: "Well, we can understand why he is everywhere all the time—because, you see, he has to be on hand to keep us a-breathing, and the big worlds a-going, but whether he wants to do anything extra, who knows? Let's ask Aunt Joy."

CHAPTER II

THE "LITTLE KNOW"

WE'RE SO glad this morning, for when we went up to kiss Mamma, Aunt Joy threw the window wide open, and let the sun kiss her, too. And Mamma said if we'd play out under the blossom trees, she'd see us, and feel as if she were there too. But when Papa came up, he didn't like it a bit; he's 'fraid, and said Dr. Grave didn't 'low Mamma to have drafts and light.

Aunt Joy asked Papa if he remembered that Dr. Grave had been trying this kind of treatment on Mamma for nearly five years, and didn't he think that if there was any cure in it she ought to have found it by this time?

Papa said, "Well, Dr. Grave has kept her alive, anyway, when no one else could."

Aunt Joy said he meant "buried alive," 'cause poor Mamma had been so shut up. She told Papa that 'cording to his theory, this must have been God's way of trying to take Mamma where she'd be well and happy, and it seemed selfish and wicked of him, believing as he did, to pay Dr. Grave a thousand dollars a year to defeat God and keep Mamma suffering on. I didn't hear what Papa said, for he told us to go right down to breakfast. But I heard Aunt Joy say something about a "Grave and resurrection."

Didn't anybody talk at the breakfast table, and Papa was awful sober. But he read something about Jesus curing sick folks, and prayed for God to "make us all whole, for Christ's sake."

Grace climbed into Papa's arms and asked him what kind of medicine Jesus used that cured so quick, and why Dr. Grave didn't use it.

Papa said, "Jesus was the Great Physician and didn't use medicine at all, for God gave him power to cure without it."

"I wish Jesus was 'live now," said Grace.

"He is alive, darling," said Papa.

"And does He know, like He did?"

"Yes, baby."

"And as good to us as to 'em?"

Papa laughed, and said, "Yes, darling; Jesus Christ is 'the same, yesterday, today and forever.' "

Grace jumped down and clapped her hands and said, "O, Papa; 'en He'll cure Mamma, won't He?"

Papa's face got real sober again. "Baby, I don't want to spoil your faith, but Jesus doesn't cure bodies now; it is our souls that he heals."

"But, Papa, didn't you say He's 'e same now? How can He be 'e same and quit curin'?"

"Why, baby, you see God let him cure then to show people that He was His Son. The Bible tells us all about the wonderful things He did then."

"But, Papa, if He's 'live, why can't He do it now? If He doesn't do somefin' to show folkses He's 'live, how's 'ey goin' to know it?"

"The Bible tells us all about what He has done, little one, and we must read and believe from that."

"But, Papa, I can't read it; lots of folkses can't read it, so Jesus ought to show us hisself, if he's 'live."

Aunt Joy said to Papa, "The child's logic is perfect; the world can only know a living Christ from living works. You have but just told her that 'Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever.' Add to that 'God is unchangeable,' and if these two statements be true, the same God must give the same Christ the same work to do for the world always."

"Well, Joy, if that follows, how do you account for it's not being done now?"

Aunt Joy seemed to be looking 'way, 'way off when she said, " 'And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief.' Brother, your question is answered by Jesus Christ himself. 'He that believeth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also.' It's unbelief."

"But we do believe."

"Yes, with a belief that makes Jesus' words a lie."

"How dare you say that?"

"Because you claim as belief that which does not verify Christ's promise to believers; therefore, it follows that there is either a false belief or a false promise. Which is it?"

"You are so extreme, Joy. Of course, Christ's promises are all true, but we are mortal, you know."

"Mortal? But you have hope enough in this kind of belief to trust it to save the immortal part of you? How dare you venture on the untried life with a belief that won't prove here?"

"Joy," said Papa, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

"Now, that's something like it. If He lives, know it; if He

saves, know it; if He is ever-present, know it. This is the belief that Jesus Christ meant; this is the belief that proves Him; this is how Christ manifests himself now, for did he not say: 'The world seeth me no more; but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also. At that day [when you understand] ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.' 'And the works that I do shall ye do also; and greater, because I go unto my Father.' "

"But, Joy," said Papa, "your way of putting it makes us poor, weak mortals seem very presumptuous in the sight of God."

"I am not addressing 'poor, weak mortals.' I am talking to the Son of God, who is commanded to call no man father, and whose brother, Jesus Christ, declared, 'All that the Father hath is mine.' Was He presumptuous in the sight of the Father? Unbelief and fear are the only presumptions we can offer him."

Papa kissed us and went off.

Ned and I went out under the blossom tree. Ned told me he thought Papa'd have a hard time to keep up with Aunt Joy, 'cause Aunt Joy didn't talk like she'd read it, but like it was so.

"And it seems to me," said Ned, "just as if I'd turned right in and know it like she does. You remember what we's talking 'bout God the other day? Well, I bet anything, it's just like Aunt Joy says. You've got to know it yourself."

I told Ned I didn't see why he didn't commence doing if he knew.

Ned was still a long time, then he said: "Trixie, I do know in me, some way, but I don't know how to get it out."

Just then Aunt Joy and Grace came out, and we told her what Ned said.

"I see your difficulty, Ned," said Aunt Joy. "Tell me what the gardener is doing over there."

"Planting flower seeds," said Ned.

"Please bring me one."

When he gave it to Aunt Joy, she said: "Grace, what is this?"

"It's a little f'ower," said Grace.

"Oh, no, it's only a seed," said Ned.

"Trixie, what do you call it?" asked Aunt Joy.

"A balsam seed," I said.

"Each answer is right, but Grace's is best, for she knows the flower is there, waiting to come out. How will it get out, darling?"

"Put it in 'e ground, and 'e little f'ower knows how."

"How does it know?"

" 'Cause God's put a 'little know' in it."

"Pretty good, Grace; but suppose nobody puts the little seed into the ground, what then?"

"It'll know all 'e same, but folkses won't."

"Trixie, can this seed grow any flower but balsam?"

"No, of course not."

"How do you know it?"

" 'Cause I saw the flowers that made it."

"And are you sure the seed will grow, if you put it into the ground?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

" 'Cause I've seen 'em grow."

"But you have never seen this one grow."

"No, but it's just the same."

"They are all of the one mind, then. Do you remember what Jesus said about a little seed, Ned?"

"Oh, yes, that if anybody had faith like it he could remove mountains, but I didn't understand it before."

"Do you now?"

"Yes, for I've got the 'little know' in me, as Grace says, just like the seed."

"Why doesn't it grow, then?"

" 'Cause he hasn't planted it," said Grace.

"Yes, that's the important part; the rest will do itself."

"But what is it the gardener does before he plants the seed?"

"Gets the ground ready," said Ned, "and if there's tough sod or weeds, he has to plow them all up to prepare the soil."

"In this planting Grace has just spoken of, is the soil ready for it now?"

We asked Aunt Joy if she didn't mean our hearts. She said yes, but that we could understand it better to call this soil our minds, and the sod and weeds that cumbered it the false notions and untrue ideas about life. She said that our true words and thoughts are the plowshare that must tear down and uproot all this tough sod of error thought, and bring to sight the fresh, rich soil of the true mind.

> And then the "little *know*"
> Can sprout and grow,

and we can see very clearly that God is our Father, and like the little seed, our blossom and fruit must be as the blossom and fruit of the parent stalk.

You can begin at once to prepare the ground. These true statements shall be your plowshare:

"*God is my Father, and I am his child.*

"I am his image and likeness.

"I shall have no evil thought, because I am like my Father, who is all Good.

"I shall have no unkind thought, because I am like my Father, who is Love.

"I shall have no thought of sin, sickness or death, because I am like my Father, who is Life.

"I am well, strong, happy and wise, because my Father is all Life, all Love, all Strength and all Wisdom."

I have the mind that was in Christ Jesus: because Christ Jesus was my Father's obedient son, and I am my Father's obedient son."

"I want you to repeat this with me," said Aunt Joy, "till you have learned it, then will the God-germ within you quicken, and you will unfold the Father-plan and blossom.

"Now, darlings, this is your work for one week on the soil of your mind—just keeping these thoughts at work, and none other. Grace, let's take Mamma some flowers."

They went away, and Ned and I said over the words.

CHAPTER III

THE "LITTLE KNOW" GROWS

WE'VE had some funny things happen to us, Ned and I, 'cause some way, after saying the words Aunt Joy gave us last week, we don't seem to think like we used to. Papa got after Ned for being seen on the street with Tom Sams, 'cause he's called the baddest boy in town. And Papa seemed cross to me, too, 'cause he saw Janie Smith here the other day, and he told me if I couldn't find a more 'spectable girl to entertain than her, I couldn't have company.

Aunt Joy asked Papa to read the sixth chapter of Luke for the morning lesson, and told us to be sure and listen very carefully. So Papa read it. I remember most it said, you must love folks that didn't love you, and be good to 'em, and give 'em everything they asked for, and then you'd be called the children of the Highest, 'cause he's kind to the unthankful and evil, and we must be that way, just like our Father is. Then Papa prayed that we might heed and practice this lesson.

When he was through, Ned went up and put his arms 'round Papa's neck and asked him if he didn't want us to be children of the Highest.

Papa said: "Certainly, I do."

"Then," Ned said, "didn't you read, 'He is kind to the evil'? Now, Papa, that's just what I was trying to be to Tom Sams.

I was going along the street when he yelled out, as he always does, 'Hello, three legs; where's your third foot?' But I've been saying for a week, '*I can have no unkind thoughts, for my Father is Love;*' so I didn't feel a bit cross at him, but just turned and said: 'Now you've taken the trouble to ask, I'll tell you. My third leg grew on a tree and I didn't get the foot.' Then he laughed and called me 'jolly,' and said it was too bad I had to wear a crutch.

"He kept on walking along with me and told me he hoped I wouldn't mind the way he'd talked, for he'd got to doin' them things 'cause folks was down on him so, and called him mean, even when he tried to be good. He told me lots of things he'd done, real brave things, but 'cause 'twas him, they said he meant mischief.

"Then I just told him I didn't mind anything he'd ever said to me, 'cause now I knew him I knew he was good, and I loved him. He asked what kind of taffy I was feedin' him. I told him 'twas the kind our Father feeds us all on—love. Then I told him how happy I was now, that I loved everybody.

"He said, 'I believe you; but say, ain't you afraid you're gettin' so good you'll die?'

"Then I laughed, it was so funny, the way he said it, and looked. That was just as you passed, Papa, in the carriage with Deacon Jones. I told him folks didn't die of good. And then I couldn't help but tell him all about our lesson of the seed and flower that Aunt Joy gave us. He seemed to understand it, too, for he said if folks 'ud just quit tramping on 'im, he believed the good would sprout in him, too."

Papa kissed Ned.

Then I told Papa why Janie Smith had been here, and how

"Then I told Papa why Janie Smith had been here."

I'd always disliked her at school, 'cause she looked dirty, and how she'd always make faces at me and called me "stuck up," and I'd thought her real mean and told teacher on her. But after I'd said, "*God my Father is good, and I am good*," some way, I couldn't feel ugly to her any more, but just put out my hand and said, "Janie, let's be friends." She stood and looked at me till I said, "Janie, can't you like me?" and then she just cried and said she always wanted to like me, but I wouldn't let her 'cause she's poor and dirty. Then she told me her mother was always sick, and she did ever'thing herse'f, and couldn't fix up nice and clean, but she'd like to. So I had her come home with me, and Aunt Joy fixed her up in some of my clothes, and she looked so nice and happy and good, I wondered how I could ever think she was mean.

Papa looked like tears; he put his face in his hands and sat awhile, then he said: "I have just read, 'Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?' Joy, I stand rebuked by these children. How have you gotten this gospel into such perfect action with them?"

Aunt Joy said, " 'Except ye become as one of them, ye cannot know.' Now, children, give your papa the lesson that has taught you these truths."

So we told Papa all about the seed and flower, and the words we have said this week. But Papa couldn't understand how saying these words could make us do them.

Aunt Joy said, "I told you, Brother, 'except ye become as a little child, ye cannot understand these mysteries.' "

Then Papa said, "Grace, how can I get little?"

Grace laughed and said, "O, Papa! you can't make your legs little, or your head little; you des make your finks little."

"But you don't help me one bit, Baby, for how am I to make my 'thinks' little?"

"Let go all 'e big finks, and keep one little fink, like 'e little f'owers do."

"Well, what think is that?"

"Little seed always 'members about the f'ower."

"Well, Baby, what is my flower, and how can I remember, too?"

"Oh, God's your f'ower; his 'little know' is in you."

"Joy, what is this child trying to get at?" asked Papa.

"That everything bringeth forth seed of its kind," said Aunt Joy. " 'One is your Father, even God. Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.' 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.' "

"But, Joy, do you mean to teach these children that they can become like God?"

"If we accept Jesus Christ's doctrine, what else can we teach? Spirit is ever the Father of Spirit; Spirit is ever the Son of Spirit. God is Spirit. 'He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which sent him; . . . for the Father loveth the Son, and showeth him all things that himself doeth.' 'I and the Father are one,' said Jesus. And we are told, 'Let this mind be in you, which was in Christ Jesus, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God.' "

"But you must remember the same authority says, 'He took upon himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and became obedient unto death.' "

"Yes, God created man in his own image, and pronounced him good. 'The Word was made flesh,' and the Father said,

'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased'—manifest man, working as the Father works. 'As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given the Son life in himself.' To prove the truth of this, Jesus Christ laid down his manifest life, and took it up again, and declared to all, 'He that hath the Son hath life.' "

"What do you understand that to mean?"

"The same as 'the light that lighteth'—Being—what Grace calls the 'know.' 'No man cometh unto the Father but by me [the Son].' 'Because I live, ye shall live also; at that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.' 'That day' always means the time of realization."

"Trixie," said Papa, "do you understand what Aunt Joy means by 'having the mind that was in Christ Jesus'?"

"Yes," I said, "I have the mind that was in Christ Jesus; because Christ Jesus was my Father's obedient child, and I am his obedient child."

"How do you know?"

" 'Cause He's good and I'm good; He loves, and I love."

"What makes you think you're good?"

" 'Cause I think everybody's good, and I'm one of 'em."

"What! when they do bad things?"

"Well, we thought Tom and Janie were mean and bad till we knew 'em, and I guess it would be just the same with everybody, when we come to know 'em."

Aunt Joy said, " 'He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil, shall dwell on high.' "

Papa said, "Joy, the results of your teaching are beautiful. Still, I can't help fearing these children are getting loose ideas of Christ and God."

"Jesus told you to judge of a tree by its fruits," said Aunt Joy. "Here you say the fruits are figs, but you fear the tree is a thistle. 'Do men gather figs of thistles?' Come, what is the fruit of your thinking? Suspicious of your own children, even when they are fulfilling the only law Christ recognized—love! Fearing to claim kinship with the beloved Son, when it is declared, 'He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son.' Also, 'We are in him that is true, even in his Son, Jesus Christ.' This is the true God, and eternal life."

"Grace," said Papa, "who is the true God and Jesus Christ?"

"Oh," said Grace, pointing, "He's here and ever'where, and He lives in 'e happy little spot right in 'ere, and nuffin' can get 'e happy out or hurt Grace, 'cause the 'little know' sees 'Im all the time. 'E 'little know' is Jesus the Son—des like 'e seed's know."

CHAPTER IV

PAPA FORGETS

PAPA didn't come downstairs this morning, but sent word for Aunt Joy to telephone Dr. Grave. When we wanted to know if Papa was sick, Aunt Joy said he had only forgotten something. When Ned asked if Dr. Grave had it, Aunt Joy laughed and said she thought not; and that if we'd stop and think awhile, we could tell what it was Papa had forgotten that made him believe he could be sick. Then we knew what she meant, and Grace said, "Oh, I 'spect he torgot God."

"That's just it," said Aunt Joy; "and now which shall we do, help him to remember, or send for Dr. Grave?"

We all wanted to go up and help him remember; but Aunt Joy said we could sit very quietly and help just as well here. So we kept real still and " 'membered for him," Grace said.

After breakfast, black John came down and told us Papa was asleep. And not very long after, down came Mr. Papa himself. We all rushed to him and kissed him, and Grace said,

"O, Papa! you did 'member, didn't you?"

"Remember what, precious?" said Papa.

" 'Member God," said Grace.

"Why, darling, I never forgot him," said Papa.

"Was you sick, Papa?"

"Yes, I had a dreadful night, and feared I was going to have fever."

"Is you sick now?"

"Well, no; the spell seems to have passed away. I took a little nap this morning, and that helped me out."

"But, Papa, didn't you 'member God first?"

"Why, you funny little quiz," said Papa, "since you ask such close questions, I believe, just before I dropped off to sleep, a feeling of rest stole over me and God seemed very near."

Grace clapped her hands and said, " 'At's it, Papa; you did 'member."

Then Papa wanted to know what Grace meant. So Aunt Joy said that we decided, when he sent down for Dr. Grave, it was God and not the doctor he needed. So we had sent him a loving reminder.

Papa smiled, and said to Grace, "And you think that's what helped me, do you, little one?"

"Don't you, Papa?"

"You may think so, if it makes you happy; but I guess the little nap did it," said Papa.

Then Aunt Joy told Papa he was giving us children an object lesson in unbelief. Papa wanted to know how she made that out. So Aunt Joy said: "They prayed for you to realize God as a present relief; now you admit that you suddenly had ease, and went off to sleep, feeling God's presence. If that nap was God's way of getting you out of pain, why not acknowledge it, and so teach these children that God's manner of answering them is both natural and easy?"

"It would seem a very sweet lesson; but in case they ask of Him the impossible, and then demand of me why He doesn't answer them, what then?" said Papa.

"What is the impossible with God?" asked Aunt Joy.

"Now, I want you to understand that I know God has unlimited power, but at the same time, I have the constant evidence that he does not choose to exercise it at all times," said Papa.

"Then the constant evidence you speak of proves Him variable. Now, of course, I can't blame you for not teaching your children to trust in a God you don't consider reliable," said Aunt Joy.

Papa didn't like it one bit 'cause Aunt Joy talked that way to him, and said that he guessed his ideas of God were quite as correct as hers, and he'd like her to prove that God used his power to answer such prayers as we offered.

Aunt Joy laughed right out and said she wouldn't be so foolish as to attempt that, but that Jesus Christ had proved there was nothing too small or too great for the Father to do, for the right asking, from providing a little piece of money to the raising of the dead.

Papa said that was 'cause Jesus was God's Son.

"True," said Aunt Joy; "but did not this Son say to mankind, 'One is your Father, even God'? If, then, we call God our Father, as we are commanded to do, what must we call ourselves?"

Papa didn't say anything, so Aunt Joy said: "Jesus has told us so much about the Son of God, and how belief on him or into him will give us the same power to do the Father's works Jesus had."

Papa seemed almost angry, and said, "Why, Joy, are you gone wild, that you should quote Scripture so recklessly? Now, look here, there's Ned; we know Jesus Christ would cure him right up. We also know we may call ourselves the sons of God, but it doesn't help or heal Ned."

Aunt Joy said, "Christ didn't cure people till they had faith enough to ask him to do it."

Papa said, "Well, Ned, she throws the responsibility on you. She's a cute one, isn't she?"

But Ned was so still we all looked at him.

Then Papa asked him what was the matter.

"O, Papa!" he said, "I was just thinking I didn't deserve to be cured, for I've never asked it, in the Son's name. I've believed in him in some ways, but never in this way."

Papa looked kind o' funny, and said, "Do you now?"

"I do. Aunt Joy, Papa, Trixie and Grace, remember with me."

Then Ned went to his room; he looked so strange when he went out I was 'fraid, and so was Papa. Papa said, "What can be the matter with the child, he acts and looks so strangely?"

"Let him alone," said Aunt Joy; "he's going to the Father with a son's claim."

Papa said Aunt Joy would make us all lunatics yet.

Grace wanted to know if we'd like " 'ood ticks" then.

Aunt Joy laughed and said, "Yes, the G-oodest kind of ticks."

Ned didn't come down to dinner; Papa declared, "Something is wrong with the boy." But Aunt Joy said, "Let him alone; he's having an experience."

When Aunt Joy and Grace and I were alone, she said: "Now, children, Ned has never thought about asking the Father to show him the perfect Ned. I have been waiting for him to take this attitude of mind. I did not urge it, for I left that with Him who knows best. But now that Ned waits for the command to go free, let us sit here and say:

"'*Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I know that thou hearest me always.*'"

CHAPTER V

BLOSSOMS

BEFORE Grace and I were up this morning, Aunt Joy came into our room with her hands full of blossoms. She kissed us and said: "Well, Trixie, you were right when you told us those little seeds were balsam seeds, for see what I've found where we planted them."

"Why, of course, Aunt Joy; anybody could have told you that," said I.

"Then you are not surprised to find balsam flowers where you planted balsam seeds?" said Aunt Joy.

"How could I be? What else could I find?" I asked.

"That's true; how could you find anything but what you had planted? When you know your seed you know your harvest, and in knowledge there is no room for surprise," said Aunt Joy.

"Little seed never torgets, do he, Aunt Joy?" asked Grace.

"No, dear; 'whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' Do you know why the little seed never forgets?" asked Aunt Joy.

" 'Cause he hasn't got any torget in 'im," said Grace.

"That's just the truth of it, 'Wee Wisdom.' It knows only like-ness. But suppose it were possible to get something else into it. What then?"

Grace looked so distressed that I laughed.

So Aunt Joy asked me if I hadn't seen "torgets" and doubts enough to know how they work.

"I never saw them in a seed," I said.

"No; the wisdom of the seed forbids anything but singleness of heart. But have you not in mind some other like-ness, not so well and wisely kept?"

I felt ashamed, because I knew she meant my heart. But Grace said, "Aunt Joy, I's left out 'e torgots and Ned's left out 'e torgots, 'cause way in 'e nighttime I dreamed he got 'at way and God made 'im all over."

Grace was in Aunt Joy's arms, and her face had that strange, sunshiny look on it. Aunt Joy looked mysterious, too. I just couldn't stand it any longer, so I jumped right up and fairly screamed, for I was sure that Aunt Joy knew something about Ned. I was so excited! I wanted to know if Grace's vision of Ned was really true. Then Aunt Joy held me off and looked at me and said: "I thought a few minutes ago, Trixie, that you were a very wise little girl, to have such unwavering faith in the little balsam seed that you were not at all surprised at these beautiful blossoms from it. But here you are all excitement over the possible blossom of Ned's faith. Tell me, Trixie, is that little seed alone to be trusted with the Divine Promise of unfailing fulfillment?"

"But, Aunt Joy," I cried, "I have seen so many seeds grow!"

"Dear child," said Aunt Joy, "have you found the yield of your own thought any less faithful to its kind?"

"I 'member 'bout finks," said Grace, " 'cause when I finks bug'oos I get scared, and when I finks God, I's unscared."

"That's it, darling; our thought is just as sure to bring forth of its kind as the little balsam seed. So if our thoughts were faithful to our words of last night, what must they yield?"

"O, Aunt Joy," said Grace, with that shiny look again, "Ned would be all straight'ed up and a-walkin'!"

"And would there be anything unnatural or surprising in that, Trixie?"

I hid my face; it did seem plain, yet how could it be really so?

"What were the words you repeated?" asked Aunt Joy.

" 'Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I know that thou hearest me always,' " I said.

"Who said these words first?" asked Aunt Joy.

"Jesus Christ," I answered.

"And what followed them?"

"Lazarus came out of his grave."

"What Father did Jesus speak of?"

"God."

"Is God any farther away now than he was then, when Jesus said, 'I know that thou hearest me always'?"

"No, Aunt Joy."

"How do you know?"

" 'Cause everybody says so."

"Does everybody prove it, like Jesus did?"

"Why, of course not."

"Then how do they know, and how do you know he 'always hears' without he answers?"

"Because the Bible says so."

"Does your little balsam depend upon a record 1,900 years old to prove its blossoms?"

"Of course not. How funny!"

"Yes, extremely funny, since God is 'God of the living and not of the dead.' Trixie, does it occur to you that you put

yourself in that same 'funny' position when you say that you believe God 'hears always,' because the Bible says so?"

"Well, everybody does the same."

"Yes, if there's any comfort in that; so they did in Jesus' time, although he proved to them differently by his works, and tried to lead them into understanding that God, their Father, was ever-present, ever-helpful Spirit, and to know him thus and his Son, Jesus Christ (his Spirit in themselves), was to have power over all flesh and to have life eternal. Now, Trixie, which shall satisfy you, to know and prove these things of your heavenly Father, or to hold to that dead faith which keeps its God away from all practical life, locked up in Bibles and forms, as useless as the ornaments upon its altar?"

Aunt Joy seemed to grow so big while she was speaking, I felt as if God had filled the room with himself.

We sat awhile and I seemed to "know." I said, "Don't you think, Aunt Joy, we must tell folks this about God?"

Aunt Joy smiled and asked, "Can you prove it to them?"

"I feel so in here," I said.

"But you know spiritual things must be spiritually discerned; 'folks' will be just like you were awhile ago, back in the letter of life. Better finish dressing, now."

So when we were all dressed Aunt Joy went out, telling us to wait for her. Soon she came back with Ned, and he was walking alone, and it didn't seem at all strange to me then. Grace and I kissed him, and oh, we were so happy we couldn't talk! So Aunt Joy said we would "be still and know," and then go up and see Mamma.

Mamma expected us, but she just cried when Ned walked up to her without his crutches. We all wanted to know what

was the matter, and she said God had dealt so wonderfully with Ned that she almost feared he was going to take him. Ned laughed right out, and put his arms around our dear mamma, and told her God had already taken him, and that was why he could walk.

Then Mamma kissed us all, and we told her God had taken all of us, and we were going to have him take her, too. She smiled and asked where we were going to have him take her to. Ned said, "Out of bed." Then we all laughed again and said, "Out of doors, too." Mamma said that would be delightful, almost like heaven.

Ned whispered to Aunt Joy and she asked us if we felt our Father near enough to hear us ask health for Mamma. We knew He was.

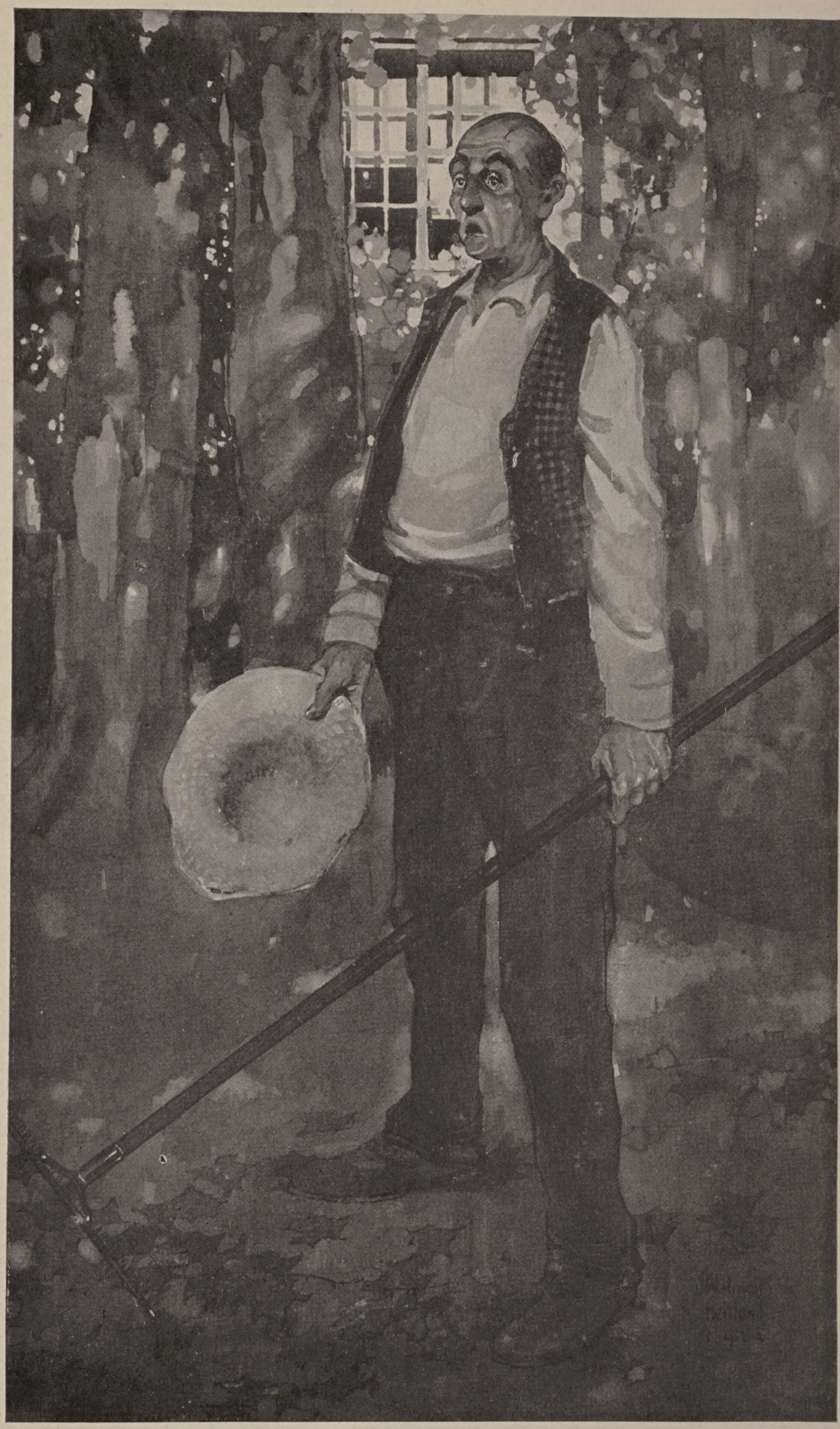
Then we went downstairs—Papa had seen Ned before. He kissed us all, but looked as if he didn't see any of us. He read and prayed like a dream, and then sat down and seemed to forget all about us.

So we went out where the balsams grew. We told Ned how Aunt Joy proved to us that if we would keep the Father's like-ness in ourselves we must do like the little balsam has done —forget everything else.

When our gardener saw Ned walking without his crutches and heard how he was cured, he crossed himself and said, "If God done it, he'll die; if the divil done it, the Lord hev mercy on his poor soul."

Aunt Joy said, "The poor man believes that God is too great to do so small a good for man, and the devil too clever to refuse a good turn now and then."

She says we are sure to find out now everybody's ideas of God.



"If God done it, he'll die; if the divil done it, the Lord have mercy on his poor soul."

CHAPTER VI

THE LESSON OF THE VINE

WHATEVER ails people I don't know. Ned and Grace and I are so happy it seems as if everybody ought to be; but folks don't seem to understand us, only Aunt Joy. She says: "Never mind, children; hold tight to the wisdom of the little seed and let the God like-ness, which is the mind of Christ Jesus in you, grow to blossom and fruit."

Ned wondered if Jesus didn't mean that when he said, "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

We were outdoors and Aunt Joy said: "Let us go and see what the gardener is doing to our grapevines, over there." So we went into the garden and found he was fastening the long, slender ends carefully to the strong trellis.

"Why are you so painstaking with this vine?" she asked.

"Sure, mum," he said, "these slinder branches be so full of the settin' fruit, belike they'd be after breakin' all off with the lood of the clusters a'growin', ferninst autumn time, mum."

" 'I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman,' " murmured Aunt Joy; then she asked us to examine the grapevine and tell her where the vine left off and the branches began. Ned said he couldn't find any leaving off and beginning; he was sure it was all vine.

"But you can cut off the branches without destroying the vine, you know," suggested Aunt Joy.

"Yes; and I know you can cut 'em off down to the ground and not kill the vine, 'cause I saw one mowed off by accident, and it grew up again," said Ned.

Aunt Joy took Ned's face between her hands, looked into his eyes and said: "And so our wise Ned has discovered that vine, branches, and all, are alike one, with a life-source hidden beyond the reach of the scythe and pruninghook. Can he apply his object lesson to 'I am the vine, ye are the branches'?"

"Why, Aunt Joy," said I, "do you think Jesus Christ wanted 'em to think that the branches wasn't any more than the vine, when he said that?"

"Don't you see, Trixie, how necessary it is for all this vine here to abide, or stay connected with its life-source, the roots? You must perceive it takes all three—the roots, the trunk and the branches—to make the true and perfect vine."

"Then, Aunt Joy, Jesus meant—'I am the true vine'—roots, branches and all."

"Yes."

"Then why did He say, 'Ye are the branches'?" I asked.

"We'll see. Tell me, what part of the vine is always hidden from sight, Trixie?"

"The roots."

"Tell me the name Jesus gave to the unseen source of all his life and works."

"God, or Father."

"That's right. What name would you give to the source of your life?"

"Of course, God, or Father."

"Do you always abide in this knowledge, as the vine does in its roots, or as Jesus did in his Father? If you do, you are the

true vine, for you have 'the mind that was in Christ Jesus,' and the Father-Life flows through you, and your thoughts are fruitful branches. Ned was abiding in the true vine, or Christ Mind, when the living thought fruited into perfect action in his paralyzed leg."

"O, Aunt Joy!" cried Ned, "I see now how it all was; I couldn't understand how the Father answered me so quickly."

"Well," said Aunt Joy, "let us share your new understanding."

"Of course," said Ned, "I always wanted to be well, but you know Papa had tried everything that the doctors could do, and they all said nothing could put life into dead nerves. Papa always prayed that since God had seen fit to afflict us in this way, that we might have grace to bear it. So I settled down into thinking, 'What can't be cured must be endured.' That night you were talking to Papa about Jesus Christ, and you explained that we are all sons of God, and Papa said it was presumptuous to call ourselves so, and he said how Jesus could have cured me and that was something we could never do; then it seemed, oh, so clear to me, that God loves one son just as well as another, but Jesus had been the only one who knew how great that love is! Then I went to my room, and I was so sure God was my Father that I talked to him, and oh, how my thoughts seemed alive all through me! And now I know they were the life-giving sap from the Vine-Mind within me, and that this is our Father's way of answering us."

Aunt Joy said Ned had touched the keynote of God's Law, and if we would only key our habit of thought up to it, we would realize the ever-present, ever-loving Christ-Self whom the Father hears always.

I couldn't sit still any longer. I just clapped my hands, and we all sang—

"Christ alone beareth me
Where thou dost shine;
Joint heir he maketh me
Of the Divine!
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!"

Then Ned said, "Aladdin didn't have half the show for wonderful things that we have."

Aunt Joy looked a little bit sober, and spoke so low when she said: "Dear Ned, after this wonderful revelation was first made to Jesus of Nazareth, and he became conscious of the power given the Son of Mind, he had to meet the old self, with all its ambitions, alone in the wilderness of sense. Can you meet it as he did? Can you refuse mortal vanity the soft creations of delusion? Can you look from the pinnacle of high thought and not throw yourself down for praise into the crowd below you?

"Ned, dear, when you know the power of your own kingdom within, can you afford to give it up for the glitter and fame and wealth of the outside world? When you once decide these points and put the old Satan-self behind you, your 'wonderful lamp' will shine with the magic of heaven's own light, and angels will do its bidding, and no evil genii can wrest it from you, for it is the understanding of your own Sonship."

CHAPTER VII

SKEPTIC AND SAINT

DR. GOOD was here today—he's Papa's preacher; he wanted to see Ned, so Aunt Joy called us all into the parlor. Dr. Good's so slim and straight, and his voice is so s-l-i-m and s-t-r-a-i-g-h-t, and he talks so much about the "narrow, s-t-r-a-i-g-h-t way," you always feel's if he's the only one straight and narrow enough for it. He said, "E-d-w-a-r-d, I hear you have had a very m-i-r-a-c-u-l-o-u-s cure, and I have come to see if it is true."

Ned showed him how true it was by walking across the floor, and then by standing in front of him and straightening himself up, that all might see how strong and well he was. And I tell you, he looked grand!

Dr. Good looked at him, and then took off his glasses and wiped 'em—he always does that when he doesn't know what else to do—then he said: "Well, E-d-w-a-r-d, they say you were cured without any external means."

"Yes," said Ned; "God did it."

"Certainly, my child; but we recognize that God works through means, do we not?"

"I s'pose that's the way most folks think, but you see, they worked eight years at me with 'means,' and God didn't seem to work through 'em at all. Leastwise, I didn't get well. But soon's I tried God without 'em, you see, he showed he could do best alone."

Dr. Good actually drew his voice up quick and said: "Child, do you realize what you say?"

"Oh, yes!" said Ned, "it's having one God and trusting him for everything, just like Jesus did. That's what'll fetch it, every time."

Dr. Good wiped his glasses a long time, and I thought Aunt Joy smiled. At last Dr. Good said: "E-d-w-a-r-d, I am glad you trust God, but I must warn you against irreverence; we must not use his holy name lightly."

"Oh," said Ned, "you don't think Jesus Christ was irreverent, do you? Jesus was always talking about God that way —and he called him his Father."

"You must not forget, E-d-w-a-r-d, that Jesus Christ was his well-beloved Son, and we should approach God through his Son, for everything is promised us for Christ's sake," said Dr. Good.

"That's just what I did," said Ned. "You know Jesus said we must all call God our Father, and that he loved one just as well as another. Well, you see, when I really saw that I was his Son as well as Jesus, I felt awful glad, for I knew then he'd do just as much for me, if I'd give him a chance. So I believed in him—just like Jesus did; and sure enough I called him 'Father!' that way, and told him I wanted to be cured. Oh, I can't tell you how it was, but I knew how then, and ever since I feel him in everything. And you see, he did cure me."

I never saw Dr. Good not sit still before. He wiped his glasses and looked at his watch and took out his pencil, then he said, "E-d-w-a-r-d, is it possible you consider yourself equal with Jesus Christ?"

He made me feel cold when he said that, but Ned didn't

seem to notice it at all; he just said: "I don't seem to think of it that way. I just seem to know that God is the Father of the real Me, and since I know it, that part of me seems to grow so fast it crowds out the old-'fraid-sick part, and I don't feel a bit like I used to. Don't you think that's 'putting on Christ,' Dr. Good?

Dr. Good seemed to think some way that Ned was too familiar with God, and said something about the adversary's being so cunning and ready to deceive us into believing strange things.

Grace's eyes just blazed, and she walked up to Dr. Good and asked him if he didn't believe God was everywhere.

He said, "Why, of course, little one."

"Then can't He keep 'e 'sary off?"

"The adversary, do you mean?"

"Yes," said Grace. "If God's ever'where, what you 'fraid of?"

"Afraid of displeasing Him. Are you not afraid of displeasing God?"

"No," said Grace. "God's love. Don't you know God's love, Dr. Good?"

"Yes, God is love; but my Bible says, 'He is angry with the wicked every day.' "

"Well, your Bible's made a 'stake—'cause ours says God's love," said Grace.

"Do you believe God loves evil, little one?"

"Don't fink He knows 'bout it," said Grace.

"Don't know about evil? Who teaches you such strange doctrine?"

"O, I teached it to my 'chef, 'cause when I love, I des can't

be mad or see bad in folkses! So if God's all 'e time love, how's he going to be badder 'an me?"

Dr. Good turned real red and shook his head, and said if we'd all come to Sunday morning service, he'd tell us all about "The Divine Plan."

Then he told Aunt Joy to send us out, as he wished to see her a little while alone.

Aunt Joy's eyes twinkled when she said to us, "Go and play now."

I'd like to have heard what they said, 'cause he told Papa that Mrs. Gray (that's Aunt Joy) was one of the most shocking persons to quote Scripture he ever heard, and us children had imbibed such ideas of God, he was just sure something terrible would overtake us.

Aunt Joy just laughed and said: "If what Paul says be true, we are compelled to be familiar with God—for in him we live and move and have our being—and we can't help ourselves."

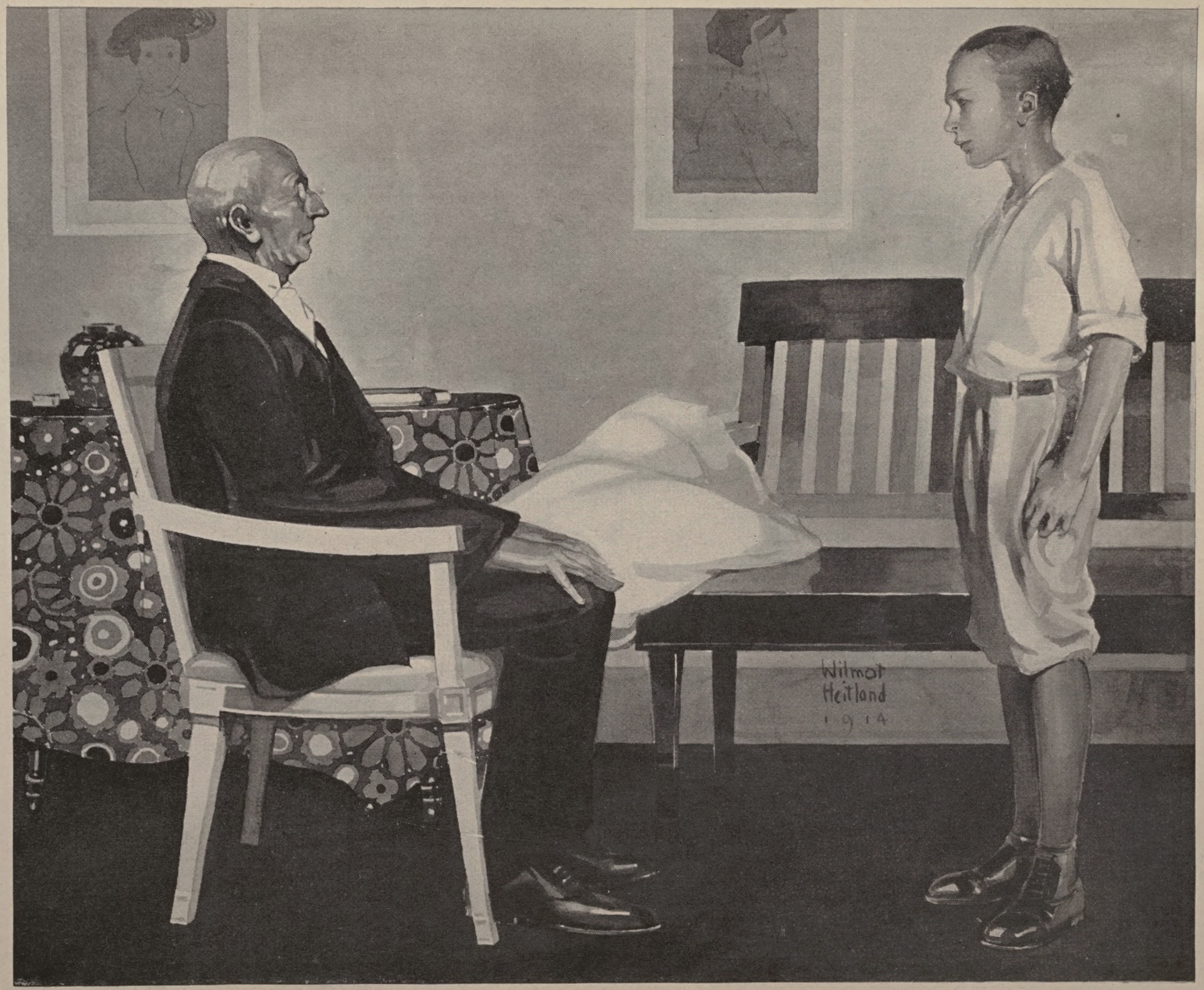
We had another visitor today—old Dr. May. He's the doctor Papa has when somebody's awfully sick. Everybody says he's wicked 'cause he don't believe in God.

Dr. May wanted to see about Ned's getting well, too, so we all went into the parlor again.

If Dr. May is wicked, he always looks happy and makes you feel good.

He saw Ned walk, and he examined him all over and found him all well; then he wanted to tell him all about it. So Ned did.

I think there was 'most tears in his eyes when Ned got through, and he said: "Well, my boy, it is a wonderful cure, no one can dispute that. I've known all about you, ever since the sickness



"He wanted Ned to tell him all about it."

that left you a cripple, and know we have all tried in every way we could to help you out of it, but to no purpose. Now you are healed, by what agency is beyond my range of study—call it God, if that pleases you. But don't you think," he asked, smiling, "that you're making him a little more practical than the good folk allow nowadays? You know God hasn't done anything for the last thousand years, according to official doctrine."

Grace got so close up to Dr. May and looked so earnestly at him that he caught her up and asked what her wise little head thought about it.

"Does you fink God is dead?" asked Grace.

"Well, to be honest with you, little one, I have serious doubts about his ever living," said Dr. May.

" 'En, who makes fings?"

"Why, they just grow, don't they?"

"Yes, but what grows 'em?" asked Grace.

"Why, Mother Nature, of course, you little interrogation point," said Dr. May, laughing at her sober face.

"I never heard of her tofore. Is she God's wife, Aunt Joy?" asked Grace.

Aunt Joy said she guessed we might as well call her Mother-God, and then we could better teach the doctor who Father-God is.

Then Dr. May laughed and said Aunt Joy was bound to help Grace get the best of him.

Grace clapped her hands and laughed triumphantly. " 'Course, Dr. May, if you've got a mover you must have a faver. Don't you see?"

"Why, people mostly have fathers, but my father's dead,

see?" said Dr. May, pretending he didn't understand what Grace meant.

"I don't mean 'im, he's your papa. I mean 'e Faver who finks you and loves you all 'e time."

"You're too deep for me, now. A Father who thinks me and loves me. Don't I think myself, and don't all sweet little girls like you love me?"

"Yes, but your Faver-God's all fink and all love, and he's ever'where, he is."

Then Dr. May asked Grace if she didn't think it would keep Him pretty busy getting round.

Grace looked kind o' puzzled and then said: "Oh, you see, he's like air and sunshine, he's just 'ere 'ithout goin'."

The doctor laughed and said: "If that's the case, we're all provided for in your God-philosophy, 'Wee Wisdom.' "

"You see, Dr. May," said Aunt Joy, "that these children know only the living good—the eternal, unchanging, intelligent Principle lying back of all expression, the Father-Source of all that is manifest."

Then Dr. May and Aunt Joy talked a long time about God and his Son.

Dr. May asked us such a lot of questions, and we told him the way we learned to be so happy, and what Grace said about the little "seed's know," and how we kept our Father's likeness in our thoughts. And when he went away, he said he'd learned the best lesson of his life, and that he intended to get as well acquainted with our God as he possibly could.

CHAPTER VIII

OUT OF THE SHADOWS

NED and I've wondered all day whatever we could have done last night that made Papa hurry us off to bed so. We's just askin' him to 'splain about Dr. Good's "God Plan;" 'cause we couldn't see, for the life of us, if 'twas all planned out already, as he told us why God got so angry about it, 'cause how could Adam and everybody help it? Grace said she thought "it 'ud been gooder for God to 've cut down 'e tree, or killed 'e snake, or else unmade Adam, than to been so dreffful cross at him and everybody, like Dr. Good said."

Papa said we couldn't 'spect, bein' children, to understand such deep truths, for it had taken Dr. Good his lifetime, studying about them, to find out, and he was sure it was the safest way for us to just 'cept them as Dr. Good told them to us.

I couldn't hardly breathe when Papa said that; I can't explain it, but it feels as if all the sunshine and the air were going 'way out of the world, when folks talk like Dr. Good did yesterday. I guess Ned and Grace felt so, too; 'cause Ned said it felt awful good to get out doors and breathe again; and Grace said it seems like God staid out doors mostly on Sundays.

While Papa was talking to us that way, Ned sat so still, and Aunt Joy was upstairs with Mamma, and I wished I could feel sure that God was like he seemed when Aunt Joy talked 'bout him.

After awhile Ned told Papa he couldn't see, if God really knew and didn't change his mind, why he had made a man and said he was "very good," and then set a trap to prove he wasn't.

"For, you see," said Ned, "if Dr. Good had only 'splained that God hadn't had the 'sperience when he made Adam, we could see how it all happened; but he told it as if God had planned it all beforehand and then wouldn't have any mercy on Adam or anybody, nor forgive 'em till Jesus just coaxed him so and told him he'd come and live for us and bear everything, and even be murdered to make him get over being mad at everybody on Adam's account, and God let him do it, and that's why God can bear with us now. Why, Papa, you're lots better 'an that, 'cause I remember once, when Mike got drunk and drove Beauty to death (Beauty was our horse), and you were so angry about it, you drove Mike away, and told him never to show his face about here again. We children were so sorry for Mike we went and hunted him up after a good while and found 'im most starvin'; and we cried and coaxed you to just try him once more for his children's sake, and when you saw what a hard time they were having, you forgave him, and trusted him again, and he's been awful good ever since, you know, Papa."

"And O, Papa!" said Grace, "s'posin' you wouldn't let him come back wivout we'd all offered to been killed to make you get over bein' mad at poor Mike, and you'd let us; wouldn't you been an awful man, though, Papa?"

Then Papa sent us right off to bed; I'd like to know why.

We didn't feel a bit happy. Our pretty room seemed cold and all the bright-cheery was gone out of it. After Maggie had put us in bed and was gone, Grace said she guessed Dr. Good's kind o' God was there, 'cause she didn't feel 'im soft and warm.

She wished Aunt Joy would come and chase him away, 'cause he'd no business in little girls' rooms, and she was sure he'd let the bug'oos in, too. Aunt Joy didn't come, and Grace went to sleep, but I couldn't get to sleep for such a long time, for thinking about the dreadful things Dr. Good told us, and wondering if they were true, and if God wasn't a loving Father after all, like Aunt Joy said.

It scared me so that I covered up my head and cried and wondered if I ever would be happy again. Then I dreamed that Dr. Good caught me and shut me up in a dark room, and when I tried to scream for help a dreadful voice spoke out and said, "No use to scream, you're shut up here forever." Then I shook all over and cried, and I asked the voice-of-the-dark why Dr. Good had shut me up and what I had done wrong, but it only said: "A-d-a-m, A-d-a-m, A-d-a-m."

After 'while I thought of Jesus, and then I cried out: "O, Jesus Christ, please let me out!" and the door flew open, though I could see Dr. Good trying to hold it shut; but he couldn't do it, and then I heard Aunt Joy's voice calling, "Come on out, Trixie." Then I woke up and found Aunt Joy sitting beside me with Grace asleep in her arms. She said Grace and I had both been crying in our sleep and she had heard us and came in. She looked just like an angel to me, and when I told her my awful dream, she kissed me and said:

"Jesus Christ always opens the doors out of dark places, Trixie, dear; if you had only remembered to call to him before you and Grace went to sleep, he would have opened the door of happy thought, which had been closed by the doubts and fears you made your bedfellows."

She said that Dr. Good in my dream only stood for the

thought that God could be anything but a loving Father to his children, and that such thoughts, held to for ever so short a time, would close the Christ-door and leave us alone with the Adam or fleshly mind, that believes in all kinds of evils.

Then Aunt Joy put Grace back into bed, and told me to ask the kind Christ Spirit to open all the doors of my heart and let in the dear Father's love, and I would never get scared any more. I went off to sleep so happy then, and this morning it all seems like a dream.

Today we told Aunt Joy how dreadful that sermon made us feel yesterday; and about our talk with Papa last night. I saw tears come into her eyes, but she brushed 'em right out again and said: " 'As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.' When we understand what this means, we understand 'God's plan.' "

"But, Aunt Joy," said Grace, "how can mens die in Adam; 'cause if Adam's been such fousands of years died, he's nuffin but dirt now, is he?"

Aunt Joy laughed and told her she ought to ask Dr. Good that question. Ned said he guessed it must mean just Adam's influence over folks. Aunt Joy told us then that "Adam" stood for a state of mind that eats of the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil." She says that believing a thing real hard is just like eating it, 'cause it becomes a part of us. She asked us if we didn't take a little taste of this "good-and-evil-knowledge" yesterday, and have the sad experience of being turned out of our happy consciousness of the dear Father's loving presence. Grace jumped up and said:

"Yes, Aunt Joy, and I fought somefin' dreffful was after me, and I couldn't feel 'e soft-warm God at all."

"But God was there with you, just the same. It was your own doubt of his always-present love that shut you outside of the happy feeling of him," said Aunt Joy.

Then Ned asked if that was the way the "sure enough" Adam got out of Eden. Aunt Joy said it was always just as it is now; that God is the same loving, unchangeable, fountain of life and good, world-without-end; and the only possible way for man to get away from him is to believe in some other cause or some other power outside of Life and Love and Good. She said that "as in Adam all die," means that the fruit of this believing in the power of evil is always sorrow and pain and want and death; that the Christ Mind is man's unmixed faith in the wisdom and love and all-power of God alone. She said, "Even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

" 'He that hath seen me [the Christ Mind]hath seen the Father.' "

Ned looked up with his face all a-shine, and said, "Oh, I know I saw the Father, then, the night I was healed."

CHAPTER IX

MORE BLOSSOMS

WHAT do you think has happened? There! Aunt Joy says, "Things don't happen," 'cause this isn't a world of chance; she says that everything that comes to us comes because of our word-sowing, just as surely as the vegetables in our garden are there because Mike planted the seed for them. I used to wonder what made so many accidents happen to me, and not to Ned. I always had a scratch or a bruise; everything seemed to go out of its way to give me a bump or something. And poor Mamma was always saying, "What does make my little Trixie so unfortunate?"

I don't mind telling you now—'cause I've 'bout got over bumping and hurting myself—that I used to get awful mad sometimes and say dreadful, bad, cross words to Ned and Grace and everybody; and hit and kick back when things'd run against me. You see, I didn't re'lize I was sowing hurt-and-bruise-seed, but I know now that I was, and I'm trying ever so hard not to sow any more.

But I started out to tell what—didn't "happen"—but—but—came to pass, you know. We always go to Mamma's room first, mornings, and kiss her before we go down to breakfast, but this morning when Maggie came to help us dress, she said Aunt Joy sent word for us to dress sweet and fresh and go right down-

stairs to meet a guest at breakfast, and it would be somebody we'd like to see.

Then Grace and I were wild to know who'd come, and if they came in the night, and how long they's going to stay, and we went to guessing and we guessed all our cousins and aunties, and capered 'round so that Maggie said she guessed we didn't want to know very badly or we wouldn't hinder her so. Then we tried to be real thoughtful and help, but she said we's so excited we's just like two fluttering birds. When we's ready at last, Maggie gave us each a bouquet to carry down to our guest, and said Grace looked like a pink and white apple blossom, and I like a blue and gold pansy. We just went a-flying down the stairs—till we both 'membered something and stopped, and Grace said, "O, Trixie! we torgot to kiss poor, dear Mamma." We felt sorry and started back, but Aunt Joy heard us and called for us to come on, 'cause breakfast was waiting. We told her we just wanted to go back and kiss Mamma, 'cause we'd forgotten. Then Aunt Joy said in such a funny way, "Come on; you can do that any time." So we went down into the breakfast room and—Mamma was there! It makes you feel so's you don't know what to think when you get such a s'prise as that. I couldn't say anything, I just went and kissed Mamma. Grace stood still and looked so strangely that Aunt Joy asked, "What's the matter, Grace?"

Then Grace put her hands over her eyes and said, "O, Aunt Joy! do somefin' quick, to see if I'm 'wake or dreamin' it again; 'cause it seems like 'e dream."

Aunt Joy took Grace in her arms and kissed her and told her this was a very wide-awake dream, and was going to last all the time. Then she placed Grace beside Mamma, and they had

a great time loving each other, and Grace said, "I'm so glad, Mamma, it isn't a dream 'is time, 'cause such a lot of times you've seemed des like 'is, but I'd wake up away from it."

Such a nice time as we had! Papa was ever so happy, but he looked as if he'd been crying, and Ned seemed so unconcerned. I asked him when he found out about Mamma. He looked at Aunt Joy and they both looked at Mamma and smiled. Aunt Joy said she thought Mamma'd better tell us. As I looked at Mamma, I wondered I hadn't noticed before how well she looked and how pink her face was getting. Then Papa said she'd been changing doctors, and he s'posed we'd have to give "Dr. Ned" the credit.

Then it all came out—how Aunt Joy and Ned had been going to Mamma's room every day since that time we all went and prayed together, after Ned walked; and Mamma got to seeing that it wasn't God that made her sick and helpless, and that the dear Christ-presence would make her strong and well again, if she'd believe and trust it, just like Jesus said. So she was growing well all the time, but left us to discover it for ourselves. I wonder now that we didn't notice that her room was always light and airy, and that she never sent us away from her any more 'cause we "tired her so," or "her head ached so," or she felt "so nervous"—like she used to.

Grace said it seemed so easy for God to do fings now, she guessed ever'body'd soon find out and get well and happy. Mamma said she hoped so, for she was very sure it was not God's will that people should be sick and miserable. Papa looked at her kind o' 'stonished and said, "I wish that could be proved beyond a doubt."

Then Aunt Joy said, "What better or more assuring proof

could be given than that before you now? Have not both your wife and son proved beyond a doubt what the 'good and acceptable and perfect will of God' is toward them? And if toward them, why not toward all?"

Papa didn't answer, and so Aunt Joy went on and showed Papa how Mamma and Ned had done exactly what Paul said, to prove God's will. Then she had Papa read (Rom. 12:1-2): "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

Then Aunt Joy went on and 'splained it all so plain that even Papa couldn't help but understand it. Grace wanted to know what it meant to sac-a-fice your body—'cause she 'membered about the sheep and things that Abra'am and the folks used to kill and burn up for God. Aunt Joy said "sacrifice" was from some words that mean "to make sacred or holy," and that holy means just the same as "whole." She said God didn't care to have dead things and parts and pieces given to him; he wanted wholeness, and so "to present your body a living sacrifice unto God," was to give him your whole undivided self.

"But folkses don't kill and divide 'emselves for him, do 'ey, Aunt Joy?" asked Grace.

That made us all laugh, only Aunt Joy; I thought she looked real sad when she said, "Yes, Grace, few there are indeed who offer God their undivided selves. It is generally considered that to offer him our souls for safe-keeping and give him one day

in seven, is really a very generous and acceptable service unto God."

Ned said he could see it was easy enough to give God your soul, 'cause you didn't seem to have very much use for it here, but to just give him all your—everything—mind, thoughts, body and all, might seem unreasonable till you found out how lovely it was to just be God's own, all in one bunch.

Then Aunt Joy laughed and looked at Ned in her shiny way and said, "Our young Paul is not quite so stately in his way of putting it, but he is certainly quite as vigorous and earnest as Paul senior, and has proved for himself 'what is the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.' " Then she told Ned if he were going to make the way very clear to another, he must follow Paul's plan and explain how this was done.

Ned said first he began to see that he had believed and trusted what folks said about him, instead of finding out and trusting God, himself. Aunt Joy said that was being conformed to or formed after the world's mind, and that to form his mind anew with true thoughts about God and himself, was really to give his whole self up to Good, because if he thought true, good thoughts all the time, he must do good things all the time; and his whole body must grow alive and glad because of the sweet and joyful flowing of his constant thought, and so he had become transformed or formed anew in God, the Good.

Then Papa said, "O, Joy! almost thou persuadest me to doubt no more."

CHAPTER X

THE DOCTOR'S RETURN

DR. GRAVE'S come back from Europe. He's been gone six months. "Getting ideas about disease germs," he says. But Aunt Joy says health-makers should get ideas about health, 'cause ideas are the germs that count, and you scatter 'em wherever your thought goes. Ned saw Dr. Grave first; he was racing down Green Street on his bicycle, just as the doctor was getting out of his carriage, and nearly ran over him. Ned said he'd quite forgotten that he was on crutches instead of wheels when the doctor went away, and so had no thought what a surprise he was giving until Dr. Grave stared at him as if he wouldn't believe his own two eyes, and finally asked, "Is it possible this is Ned Day?" Then Ned laughed and said, "You bet it is, and a whole Day, too."

He has been 'round to see us today. It's awful funny to see a doctor who's said for such a long time that your folks couldn't get well, come back from Europe and find what a story he's told; it's funny, too, how he tries to 'splain it all so's to leave God out, and get all his big medicine words in. Why, after he'd 'fessed to Aunt Joy that no doctor could have cured Ned's leg, and Aunt Joy had asked if he didn't think it was the Christ-healing, he got real excited and said: "Why, madam! I wouldn't have you for one moment entertain the idea that I am in sympathy with this miracle-working fad that is sweeping over the country,

deluding the simple-minded and disgracing this age of science. I assure you this case of Ned's is not such an unusual one after all. Our medical journals frequently record cases of this spontaneous healing."

"And how do they account for it?" asked Aunt Joy.

Dr. Grave told her it would be very difficult to 'splain their theory to one not familiar with medical terms.

Then Aunt Joy told him she was familiar with Latin, and as she understood it, that was the mother language of medical science, and she would have him tell her all about it.

Such a lot of big words! Ned whispered and told me: "He's a Grave full of dead language." (Dead language is what our teacher calls Latin.)

When he was all through, Aunt Joy was so still, he asked her if she'd found it difficult to understand him. Then Aunt Joy looked at him, just like she does when she's sorry for anybody, and said: "Yes, Dr. Grave, I must confess I do find it very difficult to understand why you doctors so very candidly admit, in Latin, nature's curative intelligence and your own ignorance of it, and yet are so strong in your condemnation of a science that deals understandingly with this force you call 'the healing power of nature.' Do you not believe, Dr. Grave, it was the understanding of this that enabled the Great Physician to do such speedy healing?"

Dr. Grave said medical science did not presume to meddle with the practice of the Great Physician, whose mission it was to save a world from sin, and it would be well for Aunt Joy to remember that Jesus Christ's healing was done through the direct power of God.

Aunt Joy actually smiled, as she asked Dr. Grave what

"Mamma and Grace came in from their ride just then."

other power there was but God's. Then she came and stood between Ned and me and laid a hand on each head and said:

"Dr. Grave, we believe that God is the only power, the only intelligence in all this universe. We believe in this ever-present All-Power and All-Wisdom just as Jesus Christ believed in it. We have found, just as Jesus found, that the kingdom of this power and intelligence is within our own hearts, and there we may learn, as Jesus learned, to know God aright, and his only begotten Son—our immortal selfhood."

Mamma and Grace came in from their ride just then. Dr. Grave couldn't speak when Mamma said, "Welcome home, Dr. Grave;" and then, seeing how 'stonished he looked, she said, "I've grown quite independent, you see. We're real glad to see you back doctor." Then Aunt Joy said, "You see, Dr. Grave, we've had an epidemic of 'spontaneous healing' while you've been away."

Just as Dr. Grave was telling mamma he was delighted to see her about, Papa came in. He sent us all off to play, 'cause Grace offered to go 'round with Dr. Grave and help him tell sick folks that "God'd cure 'em."

Ned asked me if I didn't remember about Aunt Joy's telling Papa once, there'd be a resurrection some day; he said he understood what it meant now. So do I; don't you?

CHAPTER XI

A LIVING FAITH

NED says it seems like some folks think God's gone to seed an' 'll have to be planted over, 'cause Dr. Good and a lot of 'em say these are the last days and you have to be awful careful, for things are just a-goin' their own way, and God's lettin' 'em to see how far they'll go; and when the very Elick [I forgot to ask Aunt Joy who he is] is deceived," why then, God's coming back to make a big bonfire out of the world, and after that it's only folks who believe like Dr. Good says that's goin' to have a chance. He told us all about it Sunday.

He's been over to "labor" with Aunt Joy 'bout it. He told her she must give up this s-e-d-u-c-t-i-v-e d-o-c-t-r-i-n-e a-n-d p-r-e-p-a-r-e t-o m-e-e-t h-e-r G-o-d, if she wanted to be saved. Aunt Joy told him she 'preciated his kind motives, but 'cordin' to her understanding of omnipresence we were compelled to meet God all the time, whether we chose to or not, and it seemed to her the only true and safe way was to accept the situation just as Jesus had—by realizing ourselves at-one with him. She said that since she has chosen this way, she'd found how like a loving, ever-ready-to-do Father was God, when before he'd seemed like some hard, overruling, mysterious power. She said this knowledge of God satisfied her, and if it were seductive, it was what Jesus Christ taught her.

Then Dr. Good quoted a lot of Bible to show her she'd

"get left" (that's what Ned called it) when the "Son of Man" came in the clouds blowin' his horn; but Aunt Joy told him the Son of God said: "Lo, I am with you always."

. . . . . .

What do you think! Dr. Good's gone and called Papa before the session, 'cause he lets Aunt Joy talk so before us children. Aunt Joy said she's glad of it, 'cause it'll show where Papa stands; but Papa said she'd gotten him into a pretty mess with her new fangled 'ligion. Mamma cried.

Ned and Grace and I talked it all over, and we're goin' to ask God to just help Papa tell 'em the straight truth about it.

Dr. May says it's just the thing to bring Papa out of his old shell, 'cause if Papa begins to think about it for himself, he's bound to see that a live God can't be wrapped up and laid away like a mummy in the good he has done, and held in trust for the good he's 'spected to do. A live God's time is always now.

. . . . . .

It's been a long time since Ned told Dr. May 'bout Tom Sams. Dr. May said he had a warm spot in his heart for "bad boys," 'cause they had "stuff" in 'em.

I remember Grace told him there wasn't any bad boys and he said, "There must be a lot of very bad story-tellers, then."

Grace looked so 'proachfully at him, he said, that he took her up and tried to tease her, and asked how she was going to manage to make her philosophy of "All-Good" cover such cases as this. " 'Cause," he said, "if you insist that there are no bad boys, don't you see, you are insisting that there are bad story-tellers. The bad's bound to be owned up to, somewhere."

Grace looked like she didn't see just how to answer, and so

Ned winked at her and said, "Remember how it was with Tom Sams, Grace?"

Then Grace clapped her hands and cried out, " 'At's it, Dr. May! 'At's it, and 'are isn't any bads to own up to." Then Dr. May said he'd like to know what the "it" stood for that let out the "bads," and Grace was ready with her answer.

"You see, 'are aren't any bads, 'cause 'are aren't any. The folkses what call Tom and 'em kind bad, is only like us 'fore we found out 'bout 'em bein' good inside all 'e time. 'At's it; boys is good and folkses is good, and 'stories' is only what they finked when they didn't know sure."

Then Dr. May quit his teasing and his eyes looked like some tears didn't quite come, and he kissed Grace and said: "That's the true gospel, 'Wee Wisdom.' Ignorance is the father of condemnation; ignorance is a lie from the beginning, and the father of it. Go on, little preacher, preaching the gospel of love and good, and may all, from the least to the greatest, learn that Good is the only reality."

After that Dr. May wanted to know where Tom could be found, and Ned told him. Aunt Joy said after he was gone, that it was because church people misunderstood Dr. May that they didn't see what a Christ-hearted man he was.

Well, he hunted up Tom Sams that very day and hired him to take care of Beauty Bell (that's his carriage horse), and Tom was so good and Beauty Bell liked him so, that it wasn't long before the doctor declared "that anybody Beauty Bell loved and trusted like she did Tom was good enough to sit at his table and become one of his family, 'cause he had such perfect confidence in Beauty Bell's good horse sense."

I heard Papa tell Ned the other day that he never saw a boy

come to the front like Tom Sams. Why! Papa couldn't praise him enough, and said, "That boy's bound to make his mark in the world." And to think what Papa said once about him! But Aunt Joy says you mustn't remember such things, 'cause we're not to look back. She says the warning, "Remember Lot's wife," means you're liable to get "salted down" if you keep looking back. Remembering things keeps you holding onto 'em, and if you don't want to have what you had, quit looking back at it.

Maybe that's what's the matter with Dr. Good; but I don't believe he'll keep Papa holding on to old things, 'cause I'm sure Papa is too glad to have it different. He doesn't want sickness and things like that any more, I know, for I notice he likes to ask questions, and he doesn't say to us any more, "Children can't understand."

I heard Aunt Joy talking to Mamma. She said Papa had been a live thinker in every direction but religion, and that if he'd carried his arm 'round in a sling as long as he'd let his church do his 'ligious thinking for him, he wouldn't be expected to have much use of it. She said that's why people didn't "do the works," 'cause they used the church like a sling, to carry their faith 'round in. She said, "Faith without works is dead," for a living God's bound to work, and calls for living workers; and that faith carried 'round like a broken arm is not the kind God can make use of. She said you're bound to use every bit of yourself—your whole mind, might and strength—when you work for God. She said she could see Papa was beginning to understand this and trying to swing his faith free, and that he would soon develop wonderful faith-muscle by practicing living Good.

CHAPTER XII

WEE WISDOM'S WAY

EVERYBODY calls Papa "Judge Day," 'cause he's a lawyer and has to tell which side beats in court. Jim Dix told Mike (Jim's Elder Noble's coachman) that he heard Elder Noble and Elder James and Elder Sharp talking about Papa, and they didn't like it 'cause Dr. Good had called Papa before the session. He said Elder Sharp said he couldn't see what a minister could be thinking about to pick a fuss with such a man as Judge Day, who paid so liberally to the church and was such a credit to it. He said it was a risky thing, too, to 'rouse such a man as he, just because his sister had some foolish notions about religion; he was very sure they'd better put a stop to Dr. Good's proceedings, 'cause there was no telling what harm 'twould do the church.

Then Elder James "stood up" for Dr. Good, and said such teachings as Aunt Joy's wasn't any "foolish notion," 'twas the devil's new dodge to catch souls, and a minister who'd sit still and let such wickedness be talked in an elder's family wouldn't be a shepherd of souls. He was sure Dr. Good was doing the right thing, and Papa ought to be brought to account for lettin' such things go on in his family.

Then Elder Noble asked him if he'd ever talked with Aunt Joy. He said he hadn't. Dr. Good said 'twas a dangerous thing to do, 'cause she had Scripture at her tongue's end to prove

everything, and any one not 'stablished in church doctrine was liable to be deceived, 'cause the devil himself could quote Scripture to gain his point.

Then Elder Noble backed himself square against the big oak tree in the yard, and folded his arms and told 'em "his mind about it," Jim said, and when he got through there wasn't anything left to do but to believe him. 'Cause he began at the beginning and told all about Aunt Joy and us (you know 'bout us), and 'bout Janie Smith's mother's telling his wife how she got well' cause Aunt Joy and us children prayed for her, and how happy she was now 'cause she knew Christ was always with her and there wasn't any good thing he wouldn't do for her. She told 'em a lot of things to set 'em thinking. And then he'd talked to Tom Sams and Dr. May, and he said it seemed little less than a miracle to see all those things going on right here in our midst, the work of one gentle woman and three little children. He said his eyes began to be opened to see that these were the "signs to follow" the Christ faith. Believin' in Jesus as a matter of history never'd do any of his works, and when he heard little Grace say, "Christ's 'live if you'll live 'im," he realized the difference between "faith" and "form."

It's awful funny how it all came out after that. Papa didn't have to go before the session; I don't know why, only Dr. Good got sick and 's gone away for his health, and folks act real different—toward us.

Why! Elder Noble wants Aunt Joy to have a Bible class in Sunday school and teach 'em how to get into the inside of it!

Aunt Joy told us how to do that; she says we're all Bibles and you'll find it all inside you, from Genesis to Revelation.

You can't see how it is at first, but when you begin to see, it's

real easy. We're way over into Exodus; we've got away from the "Egyptians" and across the "Red Sea."

"Egyptians" is what we call Ned's lameness and Mamma's sickness, and all the beliefs we've gotten away from.

There's such a lot of new things you think, when you get your Egyptians all drowned in the Red Sea.

But I was going to tell, Papa and Mamma couldn't understand, when everything looked so tangled up and the church seemed 'gainst us, how it could all smooth out so quickly and everything come out just like the stories have it when they wind up and leave everybody always happy for the rest of their lives.

Aunt Joy says she doesn't believe in persecution, 'cause everybody wants Good just as much as we do and wouldn't hinder it a bit more, if they only knew. She says when you realize this, you quit condemning others (she says condemn and damn mean the same), and then they quit condemning you, and you love them and they love you, and then it's all smooth.

She says it's just opinions that make the sharp corners you run against; 'cause opinion's all that hurts and gets hurt. She says Wisdom shows you that Love and Good's like a circle and doesn't have corners, doesn't commence, and doesn't leave off; just goes round and round forever; and when you see how it is, you'll always have a smooth way. 'Cause that's Wisdom's way, and "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Then Papa said, "Because you have to become as a little child to find this way, it ought to be called

'Wee Wisdom's Way.' "

CHAPTER XIII

TRIXIE'S MISSION

I'M AT Uncle Ben's now. I don't know how long I'll stay. Things seem different when you're away from home, and you don't know what to do first. I didn't. Aunt Susan's got a baby, and it cries and cries. She says it's 'cause it's teething, but I don't believe it. God don't make teeth with stickers in 'em. Aunt Susan worries and keeps talking about babies dying with teeth in hot weather, and I know that's what's the matter. Cousin Frank says she's always fussing at him and saying "d-o-n-'-t" all the time. I feel like you do with slivers in your fingers—can't even touch the cat without she sticks me.

. . . . . .

I'm real happy this morning, 'cause last night when I went up to the pretty, white room Aunt Susan fixed for me, I said over and over my truth words:

"God is my Father, and I am his child.

"I am his image and likeness.

"I shall have no evil thought, because I am like my Father, who is All-Good.

"I shall have no unkind thought, because I am like my Father, who is Love.

"I shall have no thought of sin, sickness or death, because I am like my Father, who is Life.

"I am well, strong, happy and wise, because my Father is all Life, all Love, all Strength and all Wisdom.

"I have the mind that was in Christ Jesus: because Christ Jesus was my Father's obedient Son and I am my Father's obedient child."

I sat a little while alone all still and quiet, and 'membered how Aunt Joy had first given us these words, and when I looked 'round, the room seemed so soft and white and lovely; all the slivers were gone and I knew Aunt Susan's heart really was all soft and white inside, just like this little room, with everything to make a body happy, all in beautiful order, there. Then I thought how she had done all this for me when she had so much else to think of. I just loved Aunt Susan, and couldn't wait till morning to tell her so, though I was in my gown; so I slipped into her room and put my arms about her neck, and she didn't say I was "mussing" her hair or "don't." She just let me love and thank her.

Then I 'membered Aunt Joy had said it was a good time to sow seeds that would come right up, when you're so full of love. So I coaxed Aunt Susan to let me take Baby Charley while she went out on the porch to see the moonlight. She looked so s'prised, 'cause I hadn't touched him before, or even thought how I could help her. She gave him to me and said it was real kind of me. I don't know much about babies. He wriggled so I was 'fraid he'd come to pieces. I guess he was s'prised, too, 'cause he quit crying. Then it came to me to sing a little peace song. So I sang as soft and low as ever I could:

Peace, baby, peace,
Peace, baby, peace,
Sweet love is here.

No harm or fear
Comes to baby, dear,
For God, the Good, is here;
Peace, baby, peace.

I sang it over and over till baby got so still I forgot about him and everything else, and it seemed as if the whole world had turned soft and white. And then I woke up in my little white room, and it was morning. I 'spect I went to sleep singing to baby, but I don't quite understand how I got here and how it's morning. Somebody's put a lot of roses in here with dew on 'em, and it's all so sweet. I feel like I was little Aunt Joy, and that means I must sow joy-seeds all day.

. . . . . .

Nancy, the housemaid, came in to help me get ready for breakfast, and she said it was so nice to have a little girl in the house, she hoped I'd stay a long time. When I went downstairs, Uncle Ben caught me up and said he'd like to know if I were girl or witch. Uncle Ben's always saying such funny things; you don't know whether he's making fun of you or not. He said I had done enough the night before to hang or burn me if I'd been in Salem when everybody was believing in witchcraft. I looked at Aunt Susan, and she shook her head at Uncle Ben and said, "Don't be so rough with the child; she isn't used to it, and doesn't understand you."

Then Uncle Ben put me beside him at the table, and asked me if I didn't miss something. I looked around; Aunt Susan was pouring out the coffee; Cousin Frank was at the table. What did I miss? Then Uncle Ben laughed and said, "I don't know what you may be called upon to answer for yet, Trixie. Baby Charley is still sleeping; its a serious charge; his lungs must need

exercise by this time, and our accustomed ears are idle and empty." Then I knew what he meant.

I thought Aunt Susan looked brighter and happier, but that might be because I know her now.

Uncle Ben said we were to have a morning ride. Cousin Frank took me out among the roses, first.

"Oh! Oh!" I said right out loud. "How could we ever believe God put anything but joy and goodness in folks, when he fills the roses so full of beauty and fragrance?"

Frank said, "Say, Trixie, do you think God makes folks good and happy?"

"Of course; don't you, Frank?"

"Not much; if God'd make people happy, why wouldn't Mamma be happy? She believes in Him. Papa don't, and he's always jolly. It doesn't make me happy to hear 'bout God. It makes me wish I was big enough to lick 'im, for Mamma says he's always watching, and I hate eavesdroppers."

I asked Frank if he hated the air and the sunshine, and if he thought because they were always 'round, that they were eavesdroppers. He didn't understand, and so I asked him if the roses, or us, either, could get along without air and sunshine. Then I told him God is more to us than air and sunshine, for he is our life.

I think Frank got some new ideas about God.

Uncle Ben has the loveliest horses, and how they did skim over the long, wavy roads! Aunt Susan looked happy, and she said if it wasn't for thinking of baby's teething she believed she'd enjoy the ride. Uncle Ben said to her, "For the love of humanity, Sue, do forget teething babies and be happy while you can."

Then I asked Uncle Ben if he didn't think we ought always to be happy. He pinched my cheek and said, "Are you pious,

Trixie?" I thought of Dr. Good, and said "No." Then Uncle Ben drew down his face and said solemnly, "You'll be happy here then, but you won't go to heaven when you die." I told him I didn't have to go to heaven, for heaven is in me.

"What kind of talk is this? Are you then a young heretic? Better not talk that way before your Aunt Susan. She's pious and believes it's wicked to be happy till you go to heaven. But if heaven's inside of you, where do you locate the other place?"

"I don't believe in the 'other place,' " I said. Then Uncle Ben laughed right out and said, "That settles it, Sue."

I wish Uncle Ben wouldn't say some things he does. Aunt Susan says he's profane.

Uncle Ben knows about everything. Folks call him a great naturalist. Aunt Susan says he knows about everything but God and his soul.

. . . . . .

When Uncle Ben was out with Frank and me, talking about the wonderful things of nature, I asked if he really believed in nature. He said, "Of course." Then I asked him, "Why do you believe in nature?"

He said, "Because it is all there is to believe in."

"Uncle Ben," I asked, "don't you believe everybody must have a father as well as a mother?"

"That's quite the fashion," he said.

"Well, Grace calls nature Mother-God. Don't you think there ought to be a father?"

Uncle Ben said, "Well, Trixie, trot out a Father-God that's as useful and tangible, and I'll own him."

"Do you believe in Mind, Uncle Ben?"

"To be sure."

"Aunt Joy says Mind is the Father of all."

"That beats the Jews, Trixie, but Mind is in the head."

"Yes, and everywhere else. Don't you think the trees and flowers grow as if they know how?"

"But where are their brains?"

How I wished for Aunt Joy and Ned and Grace to help me out. But I know God is Mind, and so I did the best I could. I told him brains weren't Mind, and that Mind is Life and Spirit, and that brains without Life and Spirit aren't any account.

I said a lot to him, and I 'spect he thinks I'm an ignorant little girl 'cause I don't understand all those big nature-things he talks about.

But Cousin Frank told me his papa said I had ideas. Well, I 'spect I have, and I'm going to keep 'em. I wouldn't swap 'em off for all that nature stuff of his. But it does seem funny he can't see that nature is just the outside of God.

CHAPTER XIV

TWO LETTERS

TRIXIE had been gone two weeks, and the time for her home-coming was near at hand. Aunt Joy and the Day family were out under the "big oak," planning the decorations which were to make brilliant the lawn and porches and greet the eyes of Trixie upon the evening of her arrival. Ned suggested the addition of sky-rockets, and Grace a brass band, and all had laughed merrily over the Fourth-of-July occasion the children wanted to make of Trixie's return. All were glad in the thought of having Trixie with them so soon, for, to tell the facts in the case, the absence of that spontaneous little soul made a big gap in the doings of this interesting family. So this is how it was with them when the two letters came.

The first was Trixie's, and said:

Dear Aunt Joy, Mamma and All of You:—

It's only a little bit of a while till we will be having our good times together again. Why, I can just shut my eyes and be with you now!

Isn't it funny how you can be in two places at once? I open my eyes, and here I am in my little, white room at Uncle Ben's, with Cousin Frank whistling outdoors, and Aunt Sue (I call her Aunt Sue now, 'cause she don't seem to need a long, stiff name like Susan) singing to Baby Charley. And what do you think! She's singing the very little peace song I sang that first night when

baby and I went to sleep. Isn't it nice for her to sing it? I shut my eyes again, and it seems as it did when I was right there, singing it with the world turned all soft and white and still. It's just like Aunt Joy says, "You're where your thoughts are." The trick of it is to hold on to 'em, and not let 'em blow you 'round like a whirlwind. I believe I've thought of a thousand things since I sat down to write; but Cousin Frank's calling me, and I'll finish when I come back.

. . . . . .

Uncle Ben calls me his "foreign missionary;" and says if I go home now I will leave him just half "missionaried," and my foreign mission in bad shape. But he took me into his arms just now and told me if I was not too homesick a little girl, I would make him very happy if I'd stay two weeks longer, and he'd promise to go home with me then and get acquainted with Aunt Joy. He said he'd write to Mamma and make it all right, if I'd stay. I came up into my little, white room to think about it. I want to do what is right; but oh! two weeks more seem awful long.

Aunt Joy, I've been saying, over and over, "God is my Father and I am his child," and I have held my mind so still, now I see just how it is. If a thousand years isn't more than a day in God's sight, two weeks oughtn't to be more than a speck to God's child. I'm going to tell Uncle Ben I'll stay and help 'em all I can.

You see, baby's got a tooth and Aunt Sue talks a lot different, and Cousin Frank wishes he had a sister like me for always. Nancy and all the help say I don't make a bit of trouble. So I've got lots to be thankful for. And, oh, to think! What

if you hadn't ever come to us, Aunt Joy, and helped to find out about it all and everything; what would we have done?

It makes me so glad to think about all that's come to us of good! I feel as if my heart would burst wide open like the roses, and fill all the air around me with something to make people glad and well.

Now, remember in the silent hour that your Trixie is very, very wise, and very, very happy, and very, very able to show everybody else how to be so.

Now, please don't care a bit because I'm going to stay just that little-bit-of-a-speck-of-a-two-weeks longer, 'cause a thousand years is as a day, you know, to God.

With love and love and love, I am ever your

TRIXIE.

The other letter was for Trixie's mother and read:

Dear Sister Ceil:—

We want to borrow your little girl for a fortnight longer. We've made the discovery that little girls are a great institution in a family; like the old man's liniment, they are

> "Good in sickness and good in wellness,
> Good in prosperity and good in adversity;
> Warranted good for everything
> From a broken heart to a busted shin."

I'm sure the old vender's estimate of his "magic oil" would scarcely exaggerate Trixie's versatility in filling the needs of this family. And the surprising thing of it all is, she seems perfectly unconscious of having done anything at all remarkable.

The very first night of her stay she upset the "old wives' fable" about teething babies, and gave Sue and me something to cut our wisdom teeth on, by taking charge of the youngster her-

self and putting him so soundly to sleep he never waked till late the next morning. Whatever the spell she put upon him was I can't find out, but the tooth-getting with him has been a very comfortable affair since. Frank says "she's a painless dentist."

I have tried my best to get at what it is in this child that compels the very best side in everybody and everything to show up.

She says Aunt Joy doesn't believe in any other side, and that you're all convinced she's right, 'cause a bad boy with a bad side turned out proved to be a good boy turned wrong side out, or something like that, and Ned turned him right side again with a kind word. You see, Ceil, my happy-go-lucky philosophy which has always so horrified you and Sue, fits in here very beautifully. I took my opportunity to talk it to Trixie. She listened with pleased attention and said, "It's awful nice of you, Uncle Ben, to believe in being happy always and making folks glad."

But my conclusion was quite different, evidently, from what she expected, and when I stated, "We give up life as a flower does its bloom, and that ends it all for us, Trixie," the child looked at me in such astonishment I felt ashamed of uttering such sentiments to her. She was so still I knew something was coming of it. At last she said, "Uncle Ben, that wasn't bad for you to say after all. I 'most thought it was at first: then I thought about it, and you know the plant doesn't die when it drops a bloom; it lives right on and blossoms some more. Doesn't it?"

I admitted such was the case.

"Now, Uncle Ben, you like to live and be happy, and make everybody happy, and that's your blossoms, and when one drops off some more come. But there's something in you, Uncle Ben,

that wants to blossom bigger and better; it doesn't want to stop blossoming, either. Isn't that so?"

Again I admitted it was so, wondering what she was driving at.

"What is it in you, Uncle Ben, that wants to keep on doing more and more forever and ever?"

"O, Trixie!" I answered, "how do I know that there is anything in me that wants to go on doing forever—forever is a long time!"

"But, Uncle Ben, you keep on wanting to live on and on every day, don't you?"

Oh, the child! She fishes into my very depths with her question hooks, and yanks out the secrets of my soul. She ended by telling me about Aunt Joy's lesson of the balsam seed, and Grace's idea about the "little know" in it, and about Ned's wonderful healing. It goes beyond my comprehension, but Trixie speaks of it as the most natural thing in the world.

This Aunt Joy must be some fairy godmother dropped down among you, disguised in modern raiment, and I think she must have indued our Trixie with her magic. But seriously, this must be a delightful hallucination of "Aunt Joy's." No wonder you're all so willing to be inoculated with it, since it hides from you stern reality and makes life a gala-day time without end. Why, it beats hasheesh and the old orthodox heaven all to pieces! But don't you think, Ceil, a fellow's imagination's liable to give out with such a constant strain upon it? And then what?

But I've promised Trixie I'd go and sit at the feet of "Aunt Joy" for a season and let her try it on me. I had to do something to induce her to lengthen her visit and that seemed the acceptable thing.

By the way, Trixie caught me pretty slick upon one point. You know I am always freely admitting Nature as the Universal Mother of all that is. Well, Trixie's improved such an opportunity to push me to the wall in an admission that fathers are quite as much a factor of life as mothers are, and then demanded of me the necessity of admitting the existence of a Universal Father. I was quite entertained with her logic. She has no idea of leaving the world fatherless or nature a widow. She gave me to understand I was a "back number" in the affairs of the Universal if I did not know that Mind was the Father of all, and Mind was God; for "Aunt Joy" said so, and that settles it.

I've caught on to a little idea that appeals to me. The possibilities of the race are held back and cramped and dwarfed by the fears and superstitions held over it of that terrible and revengeful God of Scripture. Now, it seems to me, if those who must have a God could only know about "Aunt Joy's," what a jump the race would make.

Now, don't you think I'm getting quite a missionary spirit wrought up in me?

Trixie says I do better than I say, and that's why she knows that I know more than I think I know about the wonderful good of "Aunt Joy's" everywhere-present God.

Well, anyway, I want this ardent follower of His to be an everywhere presence in our home for a fortnight longer. You cannot say me nay?

With kind regards for all the Days and "Aunt Joy," I am still your old time, good time

BROTHER BEN.

CHAPTER XV

THE ACCIDENT

SOMETIMES when you're away from home a long time, a big lump comes up in your throat and you forget for a little while the Really So and think you're homesick. I did, 'cause a lot of things happened, or seemed to happen, and I wasn't a bit happy, and that's why the lump got into my throat. I don't know how it started, but it felt like a big, black cloud swallowing up the good and bright in everything and everybody and me, too.

I told Cousin Frank I wished I were home, and he said he wished so too, and then I cried and he got mad and tore up the letter we'd been writing to Ned and scattered it all over the carpet. Aunt Susan came in and called him "a bad boy," and said "he worried her to death," and locked him up in the library.

So I came up to my room. Isn't it funny—just as soon as I stepped into my little, white room and shut the door there wasn't any more clouds. It was like the walls and everything in it were saying to me:

Pure and white;
Good is bright;
Love is light:
Welcome, welcome to the light.
To the good and to the bright,
Welcome, welcome here.

Then I knelt right down by my little bed and said: "Dear Lord, I'm so glad it wasn't Cousin Frank nor me nor anybody but shadows that acted so downstairs."

I sat in the little white rocker, and kept so still that what Aunt Joy said about darkness and light all came back to me. She said nothing but light could put out darkness, and where the light kept shining darkness could never come. She said the Christ-light is in us, and our true thoughts and words are the rays that go out from us and put out the darkness and shadows made by wrong thoughts and words.

Now I see why I got lost in the dark downstairs today, for when Baby Charley cried and everybody called him "cross," my thought didn't shine out and see that he was good and sweet and not cross at all. And when Aunt Susan got fretted and Cousin Frank got mad, I didn't remember that wasn't the true of them. And just to think of it! I even believed I could be unhappy and homesick. That was such an ugly shadow. If I had only shone out with the thought of love and harmony, everything would have come all right.

I see, too, it is because I always hold just good, true thoughts in my little, white room, that the shadows couldn't follow me into it.

I'm so glad; it seems as if it will always be easy to shine after this. I never, never want to forget again.

You don't always know what's coming next. So it's best to feel very certain that God is always on hand everywhere and always. I can't get it all straightened out yet, it was so sudden and looked so dreadful; but I did keep my true thought shining and everybody got over the scare. It was right while I was so happy the other day thinking about letting my light shine that

Cousin Frank put his head in at the door and said, "O, Trixie! something dreadful's happened to Papa, and they're bringing him in like he's dead!" I had to think awful hard not to let my light go out, it was so sudden; but I said, "No, he's not dead; God is life." I told Frank if we'd think about life and keep saying, "Life, life, life," we'd bring him out all right.

Well, after I thought a while, I went downstairs. Everybody was so scared and running everywhere, waiting for the doctor to come. They all said, "He's dead," but I wouldn't believe it. I slipped into the room where they'd put him. Dear Uncle Ben! He did look so white and still, but it didn't scare me any, for I "know." So I got as close to him as ever I could and whispered, "Uncle Ben, Uncle Ben, you're all right. God is your life, Uncle Ben, and you're all right." Then I said, "Life, life, life," as fast as I could, and it seemed as if Uncle Ben was coming back and back and back from somewhere 'way off, and he was saying "life," too.

After a while somebody touched me and said, "Little girl, wake up and go into the other room."

It was the doctor; he thought I was asleep. I told him I was just thinking hard. He asked me what I was thinking about and if I couldn't think somewhere else just as well. Then I told him that I was helping Uncle Ben know he was alive and all right, and if he'd just let me alone awhile I'd show him.

He said it was no place for little girls, and he couldn't go on with his examination while I was there. I asked him to please let me stay there just a little while longer, for Uncle Ben needed me so, and I wouldn't look or anything if he'd let me stay. Then I put my face down on Uncle Ben's and kissed him and told him he was so full of life he couldn't keep still any longer.

I told the doctor—if I were a little girl and he a big doctor —I believed in God more than I did in him, 'cause God was life, and God's life was in Uncle Ben and couldn't be put out, and that's what I wanted to think about.

I kissed Uncle Ben again and whispered to him that he was all right, and then he shivered all over and opened his eyes and looked at me.

Then the doctor took hold of his wrist and said, "He is regaining consciousness," so I went and told Aunt Sue.

. . . . . .

Uncle Ben's able to talk now, and I stay with him a lot, for he says he likes to have me. The doctor says Uncle Ben's all right now. Why couldn't he said so all the time?

Uncle Ben says there's something about it all he can't understand, for when he was thrown from his buggy he seemed to be thrown clear away from everything into the dark, where he just drifted and drifted away out and out like he was on a big, black sea and couldn't feel anything or care for anything. All at once he heard me calling him, and something like a rope of light came out and out to him across the darkness. When it came near enough he caught hold of it, and then it pulled in and in till it seemed to pull him back into himself, and he felt me kiss his face and heard me say, "You're all right, Uncle Ben."

What was it all? where was he? and what brought him back? are questions that the doctor can't answer to satisfy him.

He asked me today if I thought that big, black sea was death. Then I thought about the light and darkness, and told him what Aunt Joy had said; and because everybody was thinking darkness or untruth 'bout him but me, was why he saw my little true

"What was it all, where was he, and what brought him back? are questions that the doctor can't answer to satisfy him."

words like a rope of light coming to him in the darkness and bringing him back where he could think for himself.

He said, "Trixie, you're a strange little girl, but I believe I begin to understand you. That was a hard knock, but anyhow it's knocked something new into my head."

Then I was so glad, for I knew Uncle Ben was beginning to know.

CHAPTER XVI

A TELEGRAM AND A TRIUMPH

THE DAY family was at breakfast when Grace slipped into her chair beside her papa. There was something unusual going on in her little mind, for a puzzled look was on her face and a queer little quiver about her tightly closed lips. At once family attention turned her way, and Papa Day asked anxiously, "What is it, darling?"

"Oh," answered Grace, in almost a whisper, "I don't know! I dreamed it or somefin', but can't get it fixed up to tell. It's 'bout Trixie. I know she wants us so—" here her voice broke into sobs. "O, Aunt Joy! do somefin' quick! do somefin' quick, ever'body!"

At this juncture a telegram was handed to Mrs. Day, which read:

> Your brother, Professor Wilmot, has met with an accident which necessitates a serious operation. Mrs. Wilmot needs your immediate presence. (Signed) A. B. Smythe, M. D.

While the Day family was regaining its poise after this sudden announcement, a maid entered with a second message, which said:

> They're going to cut Uncle Ben's head open. Do something quick, Aunt Joy. (Signed) Trixie.

Then Grace sprang to her feet, every bit of uncertainty gone, and her voice was clear and strong.

" 'At's what it was, but 'ey can't do it, 'ey can't do it. God says 'ey can't do it, and he knows."

"No, they cannot do it," was the quick response from the rest of the Days, while Aunt Joy, with closed eyes, silently answered Trixie's call for help.

This is why the late train out of Meldron carried with it Mamma Day and Aunt Joy, and why the early train into Darmouth Station landed two passengers near Uncle Ben's suburban home.

Was ever a little girl so happy as Trixie! Uncle Ben smiled and was glad. Aunt Susan was comforted, and the whole household came out from under its cloud as soon as Aunt Joy crossed the threshold. The surgical necessity was postponed, and before a week had passed Uncle Ben joined the party returning to Meldron, and that's how Trixie's "Foreign Mission" ended.

But we will let Trixie tell about it in her own unique way.

ANOTHER LEAF FROM TRIXIE'S JOURNAL

My! but you're glad to get home after you've been gone such a long time. It's just like heaven, and I don't believe God could make any better angels than Grace and Ned and Aunt Joy and Papa and Mamma. Anyway, I couldn't like 'em any better. I'm awful glad though, they haven't wings; wings are so

useless 'bout the house, and I don't see how you'd sit down or go to bed in 'em. Aunt Joy says our thoughts are what we fly with, and its only birds and things that need wings.

Well, whoever would believe so much could happen—no, things don't happen—I mean, could hurry up and come to pass so fast, since I wrote down 'bout Uncle Ben's accident!

It was all because Uncle Ben would ask questions the doctors couldn't answer, 'bout the "big, black sea," and 'cause the big bug names and things went out of his head, that they wanted to cut it open.

Aunt Susan cried all the time, for the doctors scared her so, and everybody went round like a funeral.

Oh, but it's awful hard for a little girl to keep seeing Good all the time when everything's that way. I guess God understood it, too, for I felt something warm and snuggy 'bout me that kept me from being afraid and forgetting.

I told Cousin Frank we must get word to Mamma and Aunt Joy, quick. He said he knew a place where they sent messages quick as lightning. So we slipped out and hunted it up. They called it a telegraph office, and we had to pay for every word.

The man looked awful funny when I said I wanted him to hurry up and tell my Mamma and Aunt Joy, "They's going to cut Uncle Ben's head open," but he wrote it down and clicked it off on a little machine, and said a man at Meldron would take it to them right away.

Dear Uncle Ben! he wanted me with him all the time; he said the light went out when I was gone. I told him God was his Light and no one could take it away from him. Then he would look at me and say, "But the big, black sea you pulled me out of; don't let them throw me in again."

I promised I wouldn't, and so stayed by him all the night long. Everybody said I must go to bed, but Uncle Ben wanted me, and I knew Mamma and Aunt Joy were on the way and would be here in the morning, and I must hold on as hard as ever I could till then.

The doctors and nurses couldn't help themselves. Uncle Ben clung to me and I to him. They said I was a queer little girl, but I didn't care. God made me strong and I wasn't afraid of anybody. I couldn't always tell whether I was asleep or awake, but it seemed just like Aunt Joy was there and stood between Uncle Ben and the doctors, like the picture of the angel with the flaming sword.

It's funny how you feel things so different when you know God's right with you all the time.

I whispered to Uncle Ben every once in a while, "You are all right, Uncle Ben. God's here, and Aunt Joy will be pretty soon." Then he'd press my hand and say, "All right, all right," and I knew he understood.

But, oh, when the daylight came and Aunt Joy and Mamma were here! How one little girl's heart held all the joy and thankfulness, I can never tell!

I don't know what Aunt Joy and Mamma said to the doctors, but they didn't talk any more about cutting Uncle Ben's head open, and he's all right.

And now Uncle Ben's here, and is awfully nice and jolly, and says that wasn't an accident at all, 'cause his head was so hard it had to be cracked to let in new ideas.

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